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NO. 2

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE INTERESTS  
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY**

**EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

### THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

FEBRUARY'S issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS will have for subject, "THE LAW OF LOVE." This is a sentimental, philosophic, scientific fantasia along the general lines of imagination of Emanuel Swedenborg, Jacob Boehme, and other mystics, whose madnnesses were luminous adumbrations of a great truth.

The subscription to THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS,—one is issued for each month in the year—is but 50 cents. The booklets are sold at the news-stands for five cents the copy.

### A CHARACTER PHOTOGRAPH.

X-RAYED by Pasquin, MR. LEE MERIWETHER will be presented in a full-length character-photograph in next week's issue of the MIRROR. MR. MERIWETHER'S is an interesting individuality, far above the ordinary, and that individuality admits of literary treatment from a stand-point outside of prejudice for or against the young agitator, now leading a second forlorn hope for an altruistic cause against the solidified conservatism of the fourth city in the Union. The character-photograph will be written to explain MR. MERIWETHER to friend and foe, and not to show off Pasquin.

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## THE WIZARD'S WARNING.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[THE Democratic ticket was concocted in the Mugwump Room at the Noonday Club, by Messrs. Blair, Kent, Judson, Lionberger, McPheeters and Campbell. The latter gentleman made terms for the Mugwumps with the machine, through Ed Butler, Bill Swift and Harry Hawes. Outside the Mugwump Room each day Messrs. Charles Nagel and Fred Lehmann thundered in the second dining room, against "the league with death and covenant with hell." The appended parody on Lochiel's Warning touches up the situation that almost split the Noonday Club into smithereens. Needless to say, it was written in the Mugwump Room.]

WIZARD.

JIMBLAIR, Jimblair, beware of the day,  
When Harry and Ed meet in secret array.  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
When your poor "Solar Walkers" are scattered in flight.  
They rally, they bleed for their cause and their town;  
Woe, woe to the "heelers" that trample them down!  
Proud Edward is prancing, insulting the slain,  
While thou and thy party are fleeing in vain,  
And Harry in triumph is grinning in glee;  
These woes had not chanced had'st thou harkened to me.  
Thy hands thou has soiled with the touch of the "Gang"  
And now at their belts all your scalps soon will hang.  
I warned thee full often, predicted thy fate!  
Oh, why didst thou scorn my wise words till too late?

JIMBLAIR.

Go preach to the Wednesday Club, death-telling seer!  
Or, if gory Reformers so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
More cobwebs of wisdom to keep out the light.

WIZARD.

Ha! laughest thou, Jimblair, my wisdom to scorn!  
Thou proud "Solar Walker," thy plume shall be torn!  
Headlong thou hast dropped from thy once proud estate;  
Thou and all thy "silk stockings" are making a "slate,"  
With "William the Swift" and Edward the Slick"  
And "Harry the Smooth" and "McCaffery the Mick."  
They will "work thee," my friend, on the Primary day!  
My vision's prophetic; mind, I know what I say!  
No true independent his pride should demean  
By mixing with scoundrels who run the machine.  
Tis true, in the past, when I tried to be Mayor,  
For the good of the public, (for the place I don't care)  
I drank beer "mit Yulius" and hobnobbed with "Chris,"  
But ne'er did I fall quite so low down as this!

JIMBLAIR.

False Wizard, avaunt, I have marshalled my clan!  
Their votes are ten thousand, their hearts are as one!  
The machine cannot "work" us, we "work" the machine;  
We'll make you with envy turn perfectly green,  
When you see us elect our whole ticket next spring,  
And the "Ziegenhein gang" from the City Hall fling.  
The Wurzburger-Schwieckhardt and Schawacker host  
Will be ripped up the back and teetotally lost  
When we "Solar-walkers" and "Regulars" joined  
In serried battalions, our forces combined,  
And our bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,  
"Sir Judson the Wary" "McPheeters the Proud,"  
All plaided and plumed and in silk stockings gay—

WIZARD.

Jimblair, Jimblair, beware of the day!  
For I'm full of forebodings, those men are so deep  
They will certainly fool you and catch you asleep;  
Jimcampbell, you think, is now working with you;  
But none of those lowlanders ever are true.  
He's false as a Southron, he'll make all you gents,  
On the second of April, look like "thirty cents."  
'Tis my wonderful brain gives me mystical lore

And I'm taller than most and can see far before.  
I tell thee, Jimblair, they will let thee select 'em,  
But "not on thy life" will they let thee elect 'em.  
You may whoop up your "silks" and give up your "boodle"  
On Sir Edward's "grand bluff" and Harry's "flapdoodle."  
But Barret and Noonan and Tinker and Brady  
Are all lying low with their butcher-knives ready,  
And when in the Convention thy Wells men begin it  
Thou and thy crowd will be "simply not in it,"  
Yes, "you fellows" all think you are terribly smart,  
But I have told thee so oft, thou should'st know it by heart;  
Thou should'st not soil thy hands with such cattle as those;  
They'll take all thy cash and then steal thy clothes!  
Why, if "Yulius" came with his ward-heeler crowd  
And "Charley" and "Chris" and old "Chauncey," the proud,  
And offered to me the high office of Mayor,  
Do you think I'd accept it? why, "not on your ear!"  
"You fellows" beat Pohlman and Klein in November!  
It looks as if some folks could never remember.  
Your ticket, last fall, defeated Will Horton  
And elected Jim Butler; all our troubles you've brought on!  
Oh, I know no one thinks so, but Lehmann and me,  
But mind what I tell thee, "just wait and you'll see."  
'Tis the grief of my life to think when we die,  
All wisdom dies with us, Fred Lehmann and I!  
I tell thee 'tis awful to think of this thing  
That thou and thy wretched political ring  
Are now patching up a municipal ticket!  
True, the names are all good, 'tis the method that's wicked.  
'Twere better by far that we have a bad Mayor  
Then to use the machine to put Wells in the chair.  
The great thing in politics, mark what I say!  
Is to stand on a pedestal, day after day,  
Pessimistic and grave, in a fine stained-glass attitude  
And give out this line of your choice moral platitude:—  
"Let the wicked machine-men be wholly ignored;  
"Let all who must hear thee be hopelessly bored,  
"Let the gang get the plums, let rascality go it,  
"You may be an ass, but the people won't know it."

JIMBLAIR.

Down, Solemn Old Humbug, you're "stuck on yourself,"  
You ran "mit de poys" until laid on the shelf;  
Now you're posing around with a dismal headshake,  
With the air of a "wise guy," half preacher, half fake,  
The "Holier than thou" doesn't work anymore;  
So hop off your perch and get down on the floor;  
As for me and my "Solars" we stand where we stood  
For honest officials and government good.  
We prefer independence in local affairs,  
But we've got too much sense to put on all your airs  
And say that "machines" are so utterly vile  
That they should not be used every once in a while,  
For the good of the people; for you know 'tis well said  
Half a loaf is much better than having no bread.  
We put in good men and we make no surrenders;  
We are practical chaps and we are not "Pretenders,"  
And ne'er shall my "Solars" a destiny meet  
Which is black with dishonor, or foul with defeat,  
For once in its life this old town is awake;  
"Uncle Henry," the harlequin, humbug and fake,  
Has played to the gall'ry too often by once  
And, aping the man, has but acted the dunce.  
What the people want now is a good man and true  
And Wells is the man, spite of Lehmann and you.  
The rest of the voters who live in this town  
Will see that he gets there, in spite of your frown.  
"Sir Edward," "Sir Harry," "Sir William" and all  
The mechanics who ran the election last fall,  
Are merely the agents for turning the wheel  
For the good of the people; for this is their deal.  
We'll fight the good fight or in death be laid low  
With our backs to the field and our feet to the foe,  
And such croaking ravens as you and friend "Fred"  
May sulk and call names and stay swelled in the head;  
We'll leave in this battle no blot on our name;  
We're less "holy" than thou, but, by Golly, we're game!

## REFLECTIONS.

## The Rule of the Syndicate

THE reign of the Syndicate has begun. What the end will be—before the Government shall have to absorb the Syndicate lest the Syndicate absorb the Government—no one can tell. But strange things are happening, and will happen in the matter of Syndicate rate-making, and rate-making regulates the country's trade. Already we read in the San Francisco papers that the great Syndicate having steamship lines on the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, the transcontinental lines are but a link between Hamburg and Hong Kong. San Francisco hitherto has been a terminal point. It will soon cease to be one. Already the railroads announce lower freight rates from New York through to Hong Kong than from San Francisco to Hong Kong, or, in some cases, less than from New York to San Francisco. The rates from New York to San Francisco will speedily be determined by factors with which San Francisco has nothing whatever to do. The Syndicate can do as it pleases. Already we are told that Eastern merchants are taking advantage of the new schedule, and, as a result, when the *Peking* was about to sail for China recently the San Francisco merchants were unable to get any space, as all had been taken up by those in the East. This is a situation that is likely to increase in intensity. The transcontinental railways defend themselves on the ground that if they do not offer these low rates the business will all go from New York and other Atlantic shipping points by way of the Suez Canal. Thus the transportation problem for the Pacific coast has changed from a question of whether goods are to be shipped from the East across the continent by rail, or around the continent by sea, to one of whether they are to be shipped from San Francisco at all. There will eventually be no terminal points. How can there be terminal "points" in a circle? Goods will be shipped one way or another as the interest or whim of the Syndicate may dictate, for it is as certain as day that the Syndicate that is gathering in the railroads will gather in the ships, as well, especially under the snap provisions of the ship subsidy bill. The railway Syndicate controls the roads to every port in the United States, and in due course, unless something extraordinary happens to prevent it, will control the ship lines from every port to the other parts of the world. The same interests and influences that are furthering railway consolidation are behind the ship subsidy bill, and that bill is now the most important thing before the people of the United States. Every thing in Washington revolves around the bill. All public business proceeds according to the necessities of the framers and promoters of that measure. The Republican San Francisco *Argonaut* summarizes the situation excellently. "Every man with an objection has so far been permitted to amend the bill, providing he will then support it. Every Senator with an axe to grind can do business with the subsidy men. Every bill which ought to be considered on its own merits is held up by the subsidizers for the benefit of the shipping bill. It is as if the men behind it were saying: 'Pass the subsidy bill and we will turn in and put the appropriations through.' 'Give us a lift with the subsidy bill and we will vote for the river and harbor bill, the canal bill, the Spooner bill.' 'Pass our bill and there need be no extra session.' With all these combinations working, it is not improbable that the subsidy bill will get through. The only concerted plan of the opposition is to talk the measure to death, which there is no doubt it could easily do, provided the individuals composing it could hang together, but with the various interests depending on the other measures in which their constituents are more vitally interested, many Democrats as well as opposition Republicans are apt to drop out on a compromise to such an extent as to let the shipping bill get through." The House will then have to tackle the measure, but the Syndicate is as strong in the House as in the Senate. The Syndicate gives signs of being practically irresistible. Why should it not be? It is fighting for a bonus of \$9,000,000, and probably much more, per year for thirty years. It would be nothing to "cough up" the subsidy for one year to get the pickings for the other twenty-nine.

Before the immensity of such a snap for the friends of the Administration, even the matters of governing the Philippines, dealing with Cuba, and reducing the burdensome war taxes sink into insignificance. The nation's commerce by land and sea is at the mercy of the Syndicate, or soon will be. The Government itself moves but as the Syndicate permits. Great cities are apt to be turned into way-stations by the Syndicate. Let the Syndicate quarrel with the councilmen of Chicago and St. Louis, and those cities could be side-tracked by orders of the Syndicate, rearranging rates to deflect business from those cities. What has happened to San Francisco may happen to any other city. Protest will be unavailing. The Syndicate will be able, if it should so desire, to paralyze the trade of any city in the country in the space of a month, and even to reduce it to starvation by putting up its rates as to that city, and lowering its rates to other points. With this power it will make whole communities vassal to it. The Syndicate can control all the shipping, and then it can make money by making rates that will compensate it for any loss through reduction of the tariff. The Syndicate is the greatest thing in this country to-day, and the danger of it is so plain that the mere statement of its proceedings in an article like the present, is more effective in making opinion against the aggrandizement of the plutocrats than all the vapors of the demagogues. The Socialist and Anarchist of the immediate future will not be the farmer or the laborer or the student, but the solid and stolid-minded business man or merchant.



## About An Editor

THE *Commoner* grows steadily more sophomoric. It also grows narrower and duller. Its editor has neither the versatility, the originality, the learning or the wit of Ingalls or Brann of the *Iconoclast*. Brann was the spirit that best expressed the uprising of 1896. Ingalls was the cynic who, in fighting the policy of Brann, gave the greater strength to the thing he opposed. The *Commoner* is growing flat and stale. It is a great disappointment to many of us who expected great things of its editor. There are a thousand better Democratic papers in the country, and each one of them better presents the alleged ideas of the *Commoner's* editor. Indeed, it begins to appear that the editor of the *Commoner* has been given credit chiefly for the ideas of other people. In his new role he has said and done nothing to command earnest attention. He doesn't show up, weekly, the qualities that were read into his speeches by his partisan interpreters during two campaigns. The man who edits the *Commoner* cannot distil his magnetism through his pen. His power is now being understood as simply the power of matinee gods, like Robert Mantell or Robert Hilliard, existing solely in his pleasing presence on the stage. He does well not to abandon the stump altogether. He can only travel on his shape and has gone to the end of the road on that.



## Taste and Culture in Cincinnati

THE proceedings concerning the prize fighting proposition in Cincinnati have a certain interest to students of manners and social conditions. They show that Cincinnati is, to a large extent, just such a city as might be expected to foster such a sheet as the Cincinnati *Enquirer*—great, but loud and flashy and vulgar. The *Enquirer* conceived the idea of having the fight as a means to wipe out the deficit which the builders of a great auditorium found confronting them after entertaining the Saengerfest societies of America, last summer. The hall was more or less of a temporary affair, erected by several leading Americans of German origin, for the especial benefit of the German singing societies. When the Saengerfest passed away the men who put up for that entertainment found themselves some \$25,000 to the bad. That a city's representative paper should advance the proposal to repair the financial damage by a prize fight enterprise is, in itself, a strident criticism upon the state of culture and taste in Cincinnati. What the *Enquirer* favored, naturally, was sure to be opposed by all the other Cincinnati papers, particularly the

*Commercial Tribune*, the Republican morning daily and the personal organ of Gov. Nash. When the forces of opposition, churchmen and women were marshalled by the Republican papers, the *Enquirer* had the brazenly vulgar effrontery to endeavor to thrust the unpalatable proposition down the throats of those who did not like, or did not need, such medicine. Prize fighters, their managers and partisans were invited to villify and abuse the Church and State element, through the columns of the *Enquirer*. Such rare "gents" as "Billy" Brady, "Billy" Madden, "Billy" Delaney and a host of other Williams were permitted to fling mud at ministers, laymen, churchwomen and others of, perhaps, pernicious activity, from a sporting standpoint, but of unquestionable respectability, honesty and position, from any standpoint. The coarse abuse and brazen bluff of these rats which infest the great sewer of the sporting world—pugilism—had its effect in organizing and solidifying the heterogeneous forces opposed to the fight. The last straw was added to the load which Brady, Madden *et al.* had been heaping upon the back of public patience when they threatened to sue certain wealthy and influential citizens opposed to the fight for damages, in case those citizens succeeded in preventing it. When prize fighters attempt to "pull off" a fight they are breaking the law in spirit if not in letter. If they keep quiet about it they may be tolerated. But when they start to bulldoze decent people into permitting them to break the law by threatening damage suits against those who dare speak of interference, it is time that they be stopped, and it is absolutely incomprehensible to cleanly people that the population of Cincinnati should tolerate the existence of a paper that boldly sides with the lawless, semi-criminal and wholly base elements against the people who make a fight for public decency. But of all the amazingly incomprehensible features of this matter the strangest and most startling comes again from the *Enquirer*, in its celebration of certain exhibitions of admiration, and, in fact, tender affection which certain and divers young women of Cincinnati, "daughters of our leading citizens," as the *Enquirer* says, (they always are, you know,) have so frequently displayed for the uncouth, saffron, hirsute and unwholesome pugilist—Jeffries. According to the *Enquirer*, well-bred young ladies follow the ugly bruisers around on pretty much the same lines as the æsthetic maidens in "Patience" follow Archibald and Bunthorne. Admitting the usual mulier-mania which notabilities, and even notoriabilities, succeed in generating as they go about the country, this worship of "a dirty, yalla Grazer," as Sharkey called Jeffries, is hard to understand,—for a man, at least. Jeffries is a homely, rough, honest, young man, a deal of a boilermaker, a most uncouth kind of fellow. Sharkey's description of him cannot well be improved upon, so far as his personal appearance goes. He is big and he is fat. Size may be all right, but a once famous divorcee of St. Louis made it plain by her criticism of a former favorite, later a co-respondent in her divorce suit, that women do not admire a man when he is "pussy." Jeffries is "pussy," even when trained. Women may be like the famous beauty who loved the Beast, and may admire his hirsuteness, but when a man grows an undershirt on him as thick as the hide of a mangy bear, every hair sprouting out of a skin as thick and yellow and rancid as that of common grocery-store cheese, and as greasy and odoriferous as that of a Dahomeyan prince in the dog-days, it is hard to see just how the "daughters of Cincinnati's first families" can "stand for it." To be sure John Wilkes offered to take up the handicap of being the ugliest man in Europe and bet even money to any amount that he could win any woman he could talk to, but Wilkes was something infinities above Jeffries, as even his old foe, Dr. Johnson, would have admitted. The cloak of mental magnificence may hide a multitude of physical shortcomings, but, as the garment of Jeffries' mentality would not make an adult flea a decent wrestling jacket, it cannot be that the glare of his intellectual splendor blinds worshiping damsels to his physical repulsiveness. Athletic notabilities have invariably been "aces" with women of certain types and classes. A fellow can understand how a girl could admire the perfect legs, the lean flanks, the rounded chest and statuesque neck of

Jim Corbett, even though he had but an ounce of wit stuck on top of a ton of jaw, and eyes that looked like the unwashed windows of a vacant warehouse. For Corbett, from his toes to his chin, was an Apollo and had, despite his lack of mentality, acquired a stagey veneer that was not so bad. Then, the wonderful rogue, McCoy, who possessed the muscular and structural elegance of Adonis, clothed in the skin of an Albino baby, a droll and quizzing eye, and a cruelly sweet smile—a girl might like him a bit without puzzling you. But to love Jeffries, a "durty, big, yalla Grazer," fat and elephantiasis-legged, sloppy of foot, slouching, black, greasy, odorous and dull, is asking a lot of girlhood, even if it has an imagination that can take a round-shouldered, hollow-chested, goggled, spindle-shanked 128-pound book-keeper and, with a few dexterous applications, make him a Knight of the Table Round, an argent-clad Launcelot, or a golden-garbed Gawain. But one must not be startled at anything in this line that may be done by women who read the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. If the "daughters of the leading families" in Cincinnati read the *Enquirer* and do the things the *Enquirer* says they do, they are afflicted with a remarkable taste in literature and in heroes.



## Commercializing a Poet

MAURICE THOMPSON was a good man and a good poet. He was a true modern, and yet was saturated in classical feeling. His love of Greek was a thing that gave all his work distinction, and in particular it gave melody and grace and succinctness to his verse, while it gave him the sense of form which made him a clarifying and constructive critic. And now, having said this much, I wish to protest against the manner in which this poet's death has been used as an advertising engine by Bowen, Merrell & Co., of Indianapolis, Mr. Thompson's publishers. They use his death to boom the novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes," a production distinctly on the pot-boiling order, and the last thing in the world for which any lover of literature will remember Maurice Thompson, a banal, sloppy thing, hastily thrown together, and of a style and manner and spirit calculated only for the latitude and longitude of the dweller in Bæotia. Bowen, Merrell & Co. send out duly marked copies of the *Indianapolis News*, the page containing the announcement of Mr. Thompson's death being distinguished by the insertion, in a box, set in the midst of Mr. Thompson's biography, of the announcement that "Alice of Old Vincennes" is to be dramatized by E. E. Rose, and produced by Charles Frohman. "Beezness ees beezness." "Alice of Old Vincennes" is, compared with Thompson's other work, the veriest rot. But that's the thing Bowen, Merrell & Co. have an interest in, and also Charles Frohman, and that's the thing they want to boom. The fact of the author's death is taken advantage of to seize public interest and affix it to the book. That means dollars for Bowen, Merrell & Co. and Charles Frohman. The commercialism of the publishers and the theatrical magnate is disgusting. It reminds me that the late Joseph B. McCullagh once said that the combination of business-office methods and literature, if it were to be handling the news of the Crucifixion to-day would report the occurrence something like this: "The man Jesus, sometimes called the Christ, and King of the Jews, was crucified on Calvary hill yesterday afternoon, at three o'clock. The enterprising Simmons Hardware Company furnished the nails."



## Literature of the Jag

QUITE a literature is springing up around the jag or the drunk. It is a literature of a purely humorous philosophy. The "Billy Baxter Letters" were the first really great performances in this line, treating the characteristics of the jagster with a fine appreciation of liquor's power in bringing to the surface the foibles of men, and doing it through the medium of a picturesque and imaginative slang that really gripped the reader. Mr. Ade's "Fables in Slang" now so popular were an outgrowth of the "Baxter Letters" and, if possible, an improvement upon the Baxter "patter." The mark of both productions was an ebullient and careless youthfulness, a little wiser than youth ordinarily is, perhaps,

seeing clearly enough its own folly and making fun of it without, in the remotest degree, palliating the silliness and the boulderism of it all. Now comes Clarence Louis Cullen with a masterpiece of jag literature called "Tales of the Ex-Tanks," published by Grosset and Dunlap, New York. The stories first appeared in the *New York Sun*, as reports of the proceeding of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates. They are to the life and to the hair. If you have ever heard a reformed drunkard, who has not been fanaticized by his experiences, tell his adventures you will know that Mr. Cullen has the species down fine. There tales are all hard luck stories. The hard luck has always come through too much liquor. The point of each is the way in which the fellows who have gone broke, even to pawning their clothes, win out, make a stake, get more money and get back to New York and reformation. The egoism of jaggery is inimitably displayed in its myriad manifestations. The development of the vagaries of sprees is shown with an insight that is no divination but experience. The weird and wonderful acquaintances, dearer than a brother, that a man makes when "loaded," the queerly wise things done, without leaving the slightest trace of recollection, the way the "stuff" catches the victim of a sudden and making him a prince lands him finally a pauper, are described with an evident exactness that makes the reader explode with laughter. The way a man comes out of a spree with a desire for "a shave and a shine" to "make a front" to the public, is pictured with a very effective background of suggestion of the hospital ward and the police station. These are the stories exactly as they are told daily and hourly by reminiscential fellows gathered together in the seclusion of establishments for the cure of the liquor habit. There is no book in the world, written though it be with the most moral and pious intent, that will so convincingly show what liquor will do to a fellow when he goes against it hard. The effect of the stories, therefore, while ostensibly making light of drunkenness is distinctively on the side of temperance. They are told by abstainers who have "been there" and while the recital is wholly humorous and even affectionately, sympathetically so, that fact does not in the least detract from their evangelical value in the cause of abstinence. The book reveals the technique of the spree. It lets you into the esoteric vocabulary of synonyms for drunk and conditions of wooziness and dazedness. The reckoning up in the Turkish bath house after a tear, the sentiment and emotion of living in second hand clothes bought with the proceeds of the sale of one's "glad rags," the easy descent from comparative affluence to a bustedness which knows no possession but a thirst—imagine these things told by a man of wide experience in the world, in some cases of excellent education, in all cases of a highly American adaptiveness and capacity for seeing the joke upon oneself, and you have these hard luck stories of the Ex-Tanks generally sized up. But the multifarious ways in which these men win out of their desperate plights, induced by drunks, give the romance to it all. The ingenuity of the devices for raising the wind, is not only amusing but instructive. It is the highest type of the high art of seizing almost intangible opportunity and living on one's wits. It is the essence of the picaresque, without any vileness. The narrators turn their hands to anything to get back to sobriety and the possession of money. They fall into the most stupendous luck, but it is luck simply because they know how to use it effectively. They beat the races by strange devices, they win marvelously at faro, they sell feather roses, they go forth as fake-lecturers, they canvass prominent citizens for their biographies and portraits in "Histories," they hire out as saloon professors of pianos, they go on the stage, in the army or navy, they sell puppies to sports, in brief they stumble upon all sorts of outlandish ways for getting money, even profiting by the chance acquaintanceship of thieves. The best of it is that the stories interpret, to a great extent, the American characteristic of ability to get out of a tight pinch, while they absurdly seem, at the same time, to illustrate the adage that God or the devil takes care of drunk-

ards and fools. There is a peculiar strain of verisimilitude in the seemingly crazy improbability of their "win outs." The incidents smack of reality. They carry with them the atmosphere of the towns in which the scenes are laid, and the adventures happen in all the more important cities of the United States, and many unimportant ones. The adventures are told with a graphically nervous effervescence of language absolutely indigenous to the intelligent and experienced jagster, and they have a trick of putting human nature before you in certain queerly happy lights in which you never saw it before. The stories are as unmoral as a naked baby. The things done are not always right, but they are seldom indefensible from the standpoint of a man down, with the world and his own sins jumping on him. The tales are most excellent reading. The life they describe is intensely varied and wonderfully full of character and color. The quality of man they bring to the front is of the true-blue, hard-sense, onto-himself sort, that is wise enough to know he has been an ass, but also to realize that if the cakes and ale were taken out of existence the experience overdevotion thereto develops might sap the earth of some of its salt. Here's Rabelais as he might be reincarnated in the person of a high class commercial traveler who had gone the gait of the booze-fighter and reformed. Here's the first, only, vital, true picture of the contemporary American picaroon, minus meanness, and contemptibility, moving in a Bohemia, where the romance lies in the humorously ready moulding of disagreeable circumstance to the advantage of the picaroon. It illustrates American catch-on-ativeness. The book should have been prefaced with Mr. Kipling's poem, "The American Spirit Speaks." These ex-tanks have all "matched with Destiny for beers." They are all romanticists with an eminently practical gumption. Though reformed they are not prigs nor preachers. They are very human, and behind their laughter there is something that is not very clearly defined, but gives you, somehow, an impulse of affection for these former followers of "the pace that kills."



## The Single Tax

THERE have been so many inquiries received recently by the MIRROR, concerning the Single Tax, which, it is understood one of the Mayoralty candidates, Mr. Meriwether, advocates, that a succinct statement of the Single Tax proposition and a resume of the benefits which, it is alleged, the new system will confer upon mankind will be printed in next week's issue. Many people who oppose the Henry George theory without knowing very clearly what that theory is, will be glad to keep a statement of the argument in condensed form for ready reference.



## Cautions on Local Politics

THE local Democratic ticket is not a ticket too bright and good for human nature's daily food. Its lack of excessive superiority of goodness is its best merit as a vote-getter. There is only one way for the Republicans to beat the Democratic ticket. That is: put up a better one, without any Ziegenhein brand upon it. Mr. Meriwether's independent candidacy is a mistake. He is honest and earnest. But if he had not run in 1897, on a totally unreasonable and unfounded "bolt," the city would not have had four years of Ziegenhein. Mr. Meriwether's followers of four years ago know this fact. As to municipal ownership of public utilities the fact is that there is but one way to acquire municipal ownership and that is by fair purchase of the franchise properties before the expiration of the franchises. When the franchises expire the city may take them and buy the machinery for operating them. The people are not in favor of wholesale confiscation. The Republican city platform will contain a plank favoring municipal ownership along the same lines as those of the Democratic plank. This will take from Mr. Meriwether his German Socialistic vote. The Republicans will be confronted, probably, by an independent ticket, backed by Mr. Filley's Good Government organization, and that independent ticket will also stand for municipal ownership. There is no reason in Mr. Meriwether's candidacy,

under all the circumstances. The great question is simply that of having a progressive and at the same time economical, and efficient but careful government in the years before and during the World's Fair. The people of the city will not trust extremists, honest and earnest though they be. The people know that this is not a time to try new theories. They want practical men to handle practical affairs. They will select those men from the regular tickets. They will take no chances on throwing away their votes. In a week no attack has been made upon the Democratic ticket tending to show an unfit man upon it. It is called a slate. So is Mr. Meriwether's ticket a slate. So will be the Republican ticket. So will be Mr. Filley's independent ticket. The people will choose officers according to their opinion of the character of the men nominated. And in the present state of public opinion I do not believe that the men in charge of the election machinery under the Nesbit law will dare to count out any successful candidate. The Democratic ticket is not weak at any point. The method of its selection even will be unassailable by supporters of other tickets made by the same methods. Until the Republican ticket is in the field the Democratic ticket must stand as better than Mr. Meriwether's "Kitchen Konvention" ticket. Wise citizens will wait until all the tickets are in the field before committing themselves in this campaign. That is what the MIRROR purposes doing, in fairness to all parties and candidates.



#### They Don't Know

THIS new medical madness of serapathy is becoming wearisome. The universe is an agglomeration of deadly microbes. There's a deadly bug in everything we see or touch, in everything we eat and drink, in the holy water font, in the communion cup, in the lover's or the baby's kiss, in the handshake, in money, in the air we breathe. The microbe is illimitably more numerous than the seraphim and cherubim or than the gods of the ancients. There's no act of living in which you must not be careful lest in performing it you get microbes into your system. Live according to the regulations made and provided for the evasion of microbes and you will not have a friend on earth or an instant of peace or a free breath or an unrestrained thought. Life has become a veritable horror because of this great epidemic of medical terrorization. The deadliness of life is being borne in upon everybody and the more sensitive of us are worrying ourselves into the grave by our unremitting cares and precautions to escape it. A great truth has been metamorphosed into a mighty lie for which the whole world suffers. We know there are microbes uncountable, but the idea that they are all deadly is an absurdity, and the idea that all disease is of microbic origin is probably a fallacy too. The microbe may be a result of disease as much as it is a cause. The serum treatment is exactly the theory that the regular school of medicine condemned some years ago and still condemns in homœopathy, only the theory is pressed to a farther extreme of the doctrine *similia similibus*, etc. The doctors are shooting one deadly disease into us to cure another. And still the people keep on dying in the good old way, the death rate growing, probably, by reason of the fact, that the scientists are scaring more people to death than ever before. It is no wonder there are signs of reaction when it is the common experience that those people most impressed by the microbic danger and who take the greatest care of themselves are the persons who most readily succumb to disease, while those who pay no attention to precautions to keep out bugs live long and enjoy themselves. It is not denied that there is truth in the serum fad, but it is becoming plain that the generalization from a few experiments is making great havoc with human life. The whole theory of serum therapy is as yet in the clouds. The doctors pretend that it is an exact science when it is nothing of the kind. They are not sure that the cures they ascribe to serum therapy occur, because of it, or in spite of it, whether the deaths that occur under its use are the result of its use or of the disease it is applied to remedy. They say that serum cures diphtheria, but a few years ago they were sure that any case of diphtheria that

was cured was not diphtheria. The tuberculosis serum, the hypodermic serum and others, are now regarded as of very dubious value by the really scientific men of the profession. One of the most eminent physicians in the United States told the writer of this paragraph, not long ago, that there was "a good deal of faith-cure in all this serum charlatanry," and this man has been practicing medicine for thirty-five or forty years. When one deadly element is introduced into a man's system, it may rout out another, but there is no guarantee that the routing element ever eliminates itself. The fact of the matter is that the serum cranks are experimenting upon humanity, and they claim all cures and excuse all failures. They don't know what they do, in even the simplest matters, and that they are thus densely ignorant is proved by such an incident as recently reported in the medical journals from Milan. Eight persons suffering from diphtheria died of tetanus after having undergone the orrhoteraphic treatment. The authorities immediately closed the institute and prohibited the use of the serum throughout all Italy, pending an investigation by the health board of Milan and the council of hygiene in Rome. The directors of the institute in Milan called in all the flasks of serum which it had sent out, and destroyed all the material for the different serums in process of preparation. The case puzzles the professors. They don't know yet whether the serum was contaminated by the presence of microbes of tetanus, or whether by some unfortunate accident anti-tetanic serum was used in the diphtheria cases with fatal effect. "They don't know" that is the gist of it. They gave the persons, probably, anti-tetanic serum. Promptly the persons had tetanus or lockjaw. Fine "anti" that. They don't know whether they gave diphtheritic serum or tetanus serum. They don't know apparently that tetanus may come from diphtheria, and, therefore, from diphtheritic serum. "They don't know." They simply theorize and experiment. If the patient gets well they claim the credit. If the patient dies,—well, "they don't know." The bacteriologists have frightened us into disease and they purpose, evidently, to confidence us out of it by some "buggy" process. It is time that a reaction should set in against the "bug medicine," for "bug medicine" appears to be mainly an elaborate scheme of utilizing undemonstrable theories for inducing disease through worry that it may be treated by abracadabrac, fiddle-faddle experimentation. Ask the most experienced physicians about this and they will tell you that upon bacteriologic fact of small proportion a great structure of fancy has been built in physiology, just as upon small bases of fact in biology there has been erected a fantastic and illogical structure of psychology. The "yunker" doctors assume too much for the safety of the public.



#### Blatherskite Patriotism

WHAT is it comes over an ordinarily sensible man when he happens to be put at the head of the G. A. R., and makes him talk blatherskitishly? Mr. Leo Rassieur, hitherto a judicial-minded man, has actually uttered a thinly veiled threat against the President of the United States because of some fancied neglect of the interests of the veterans. As if the main thing for which this Government exists were the looking after pensions for G. A. R. men. How this eternal gabble about pensions makes sordid and cheap the patriotism that saved the Union! This clamor for a cash valuation upon services beyond value, this everlasting insistence that the clamorers are heroes, and this patting of themselves on the back are in atrociously bad taste. By all means give the veterans pensions, liberal pensions, but let us have an end of this threatening of political retribution against public servants who are only doing their duty in putting the brake upon a tendency to extravagance in pensions. There are other interests to be taken care of besides the G. A. R. in this country. There's something wrong with a pension budget that increases as the veterans drop off with the passing years. There's something wrong with an organization of veterans that permits its leaders to protest against and resent every act that is calculated to restrict pensions to those clearly and un-

doubtedly deserving of them. Threatening the President and Congress is ugly business. It looks like a political garrote. It is an assertion of a superior right of a certain organized class to override all natural regard for economical administration of affairs. It is patriotism too much tainted with commercialism. It disgraces the old soldier by making him appear as a too insistent proclaimer of his own virtues and a solicitor of alms. The threat is not an argument. It indicates weakness of the cause in behalf of which it is made. The veterans justly enough unite to help one another. Nothing binds men together like common experience in looking into "the bright eyes of danger." That experience is an indelibly strong impression of the most impressionable days of youth,—even Commander Rassieur was but a boy when he went to the war,—and we must make some allowance for the importance which the men so impressed ascribe to themselves, an importance which, indeed, cannot easily be overestimated by the country, but when a man of Mr. Rassieur's standing goes so far as to threaten "a comrade, even though in the highest place in the land" for a failure to accede instantly to the demand of the veterans for pensions and for the application of business principles to the consideration of a cloud of clamant claimants, he goes so far in zeal as to become almost ridiculously fanatic. The idea that the President, an old soldier, and the old soldiers in Congress neglect their comrades' rights is absurd. Mr. Rassieur's threat is made silly by the very fact that a large body of American citizens, without the remotest trace of copperheadism either, are asserting, on the other hand, that regard for the veterans has passed the bounds of honest, patriotic *camaraderie*, and invaded the domain of loot. Give the veterans pensions, but give no man a pension unless he be justly entitled to it, for if we do otherwise we shall make the bronze button of the G. A. R. a badge of shame rather than an insignia of honor.



#### A Philippine Opportunity

WHY cannot the United States apply the Single Tax in the Philippines, as a solution of the land question there, for the fight against the friars is only a fight of tenants against landlords holding land in mortmain. It could be approximately applied in the Philippines as the English approximately apply it in Ireland. The Single Tax will be a solution of the trouble, if the friars are to be dispossessed, and it is practicable in a new, comparatively wild country, whereas its application in more settled communities would dislocate everything. Herber Spencer's celebrated "suppressed chapter" on man's right to the land is abstractly irrefutable, applied to aboriginal, or approximately aboriginal, conditions such as exist in the Philippines, or will exist, if the friars are to be shaken loose of their hold on the land. Here's a chance for the Single Taxers to get together and achieve something for their cause, and, if they are right, for mankind.



#### One Man's Work

If you read the newspapers closely you must have noticed, lately, how frequently the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, is represented in pieces of reprint about "two sticks" long. It is always interesting matter, clearly written, full of odd, *outré* information, witty, at times imaginative, pertinent to the events of the day, distinctly and decidedly clever. The writing has a fascinatingly neat turn, and it is no wonder that papers preferring good reprint to snide original matter, sometimes have a dozen of these excerpts from the *Times-Democrat* in one issue. It all comes from one department of that paper—the "By the By" column. It is all done by one man and it has been done now for two or three years. This work has been the means of advertising the paper with an effectiveness that could not be duplicated by the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars. This one man, who does not sign his "stuff," is more than all the rest of the paper. The paper gets all the credit. The writer is obscured, yet he is, I hesitate not to say, the most widely-read writer in this country to-day. Whomsoever he may be, he illustrates for

us again that the syndicate, the patent inside, the name-suppressing methods of modern journalism, are not equal to the task of keeping a good man down.

Nevin

ETHELBERT NEVIN died the other day, a young man, and though the news of his death was not featured in the papers as was, for instance, the death of Steve Brodie, there are hundreds of thousands of music lovers who will be touched with sincere regret by the news. Nevin wrote music that was marked by both the technique which pleases experts and the melody that wins the crowd. No one who has the dimmest glimmer of musical taste has missed the charm in "Narcissus" and "The Rosary." Nevin had a very fine skill in music and he made himself a not undistinguished place in the history of American music.

The New King Arthur

A CORRESPONDENT of the MIRROR, writing from San Antonio, Texas, asks if there has ever been anything done in a literary way, in this country, that in any degree approaches the work of Gilbert's librettos in the operas in which he collaborated with Sullivan. To which reply is made that the literary production approaching nearest the sprightliness of Gilbert in the operas referred to, is, undoubtedly, "The New King Arthur," which was published anonymously in the seventies and is now said to be the work of Mr. Edgar Fawcett. "The New King Arthur" would make an excellent, high-class, comic opera, and it may have been tried as such, but if it hasn't, there's only one American music writer who could touch it to that purpose with any surety against a frightful failure, and that is Victor Herbert.

Nathan Frank for Mayor

ST. LOUISANS are wondering upon whom the Republicans will unite as their mayoralty candidate. They can't get most of the men they have asked to stand for the office, to consent to the use of their name. It would not surprise me if the candidate would, finally, turn out to be Mr. Nathan Frank, owner of the *Star*. The Republican party could do worse than nominate Mr. Frank, and not half try, either—pace Mr. Filley.

Hustle

IF St. Louis is to have a World's Fair in 1903, there must be a hustle from now on, for, if the event be postponed at all it must be postponed two years, and go over to 1905. There is too much danger of a smash in holding a World's Fair in the year of a Presidential election. No use dodging this issue. The question is coming up. It will have to be met.

Uncle Fuller.

TWO TRAVESTIES.

I—THE RAINY DAY—A TALE OF KENTUCKY MUD.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

MUD in Kentucky in, 1901—staunch emblem of the soil, of the people. Popular first for its elasticity, its pliancy; for pies, for huts, bricks and houses. By-and-bye not for cabin and Kentucky alone. To the North had begun the hoarding of mud, American mud for American people, for a Nation which Nature had herself impressed with the fervor of the soil. What history it wrought in that year, what ineffaceable marks it left on Kentucky, on the Republic, on shoe-leather! For the sake of it horses were mired, wagons ruined; farms bartered and sold. The prosperity of the race-horse, the livelihood of the jockey, all at mercy of mud. Upon mud depending, it may be, the chances of a market, the sale of the grain, the wiping out of the grocer's bill. Pleasure, too; the shooting, the hunting, the sour-mash—all these depending upon the mud, that thickest fortress of the farm. Little mud comparatively now in Kentucky is cultivated. The traveler may still see it here and there, clinging to the wheels, ever-renewing, self-renewing in inexhaustible layers. But the time cannot be far distant when the mudfields of Kentucky will be no more. Its history in Kentucky will be ended, and being ended, lost—unless you read this book.

Some morning when the March hare is no more seen in the fields where little rills of green run; before the sun has fared forth for the drying of the world's clothes—you will see the mud that was born overnight. A fortnight, and the world is green no more. Overflowing it, burying it out of sight, comes the frothy tide of mud, ever rippling. Muddy is the wood; mud are the pastures. Far reaching, conspicuous, sombre, thick; masses of mud, full of rain.

A land of mud, ready for the mudlark. Separating the fields, the woods, more formidable than all else that ever was sown or soaked, everywhere the impenetrable thickets of mud! Impenetrable! For close together cling the mud atoms, making common cause for miriness—the mud being better so—as are also mere men. Impenetrable and therefore sticky; for no life can flourish there; scarce a tumble-bug ventures over those sticky acres; type of the human majority—mud! Wonderful, fruitful name; name of such millions of men, everywhere, at worlds' ends! Oh, the mystery, the mystery of mud! Type of Kentucky life, type of Kentucky prose; mysterious, verbless, without beginning, middle or end; thick, immobile, hideous; the mystery of ugliness in its fibre; full of strong virtue, like manure; inchoate, incoherent,—a weld of rubbish and rain.

Mud! The mystery of it!

Mud! Substitute for ink, fit medium for thick thought. Oh, the mystery, the muddiness of it!

II—RICHARD WILLY NILLY.

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

Noon-long and dusk-long he had hummed, being then brim-full of her beauty, choked with her grace. Her shape, as he hummed, filled his eye, defying his handkerchief. The hills were her breasts; the grass her hair; the sun her mouth. So he rode, humming, in his hottest mood of Nilly, flouting the public comfort. "Toes of God," he declared, "what are the town ordinances to a King?"

Busy as he was with his humming, his visions, and his speed, he yet found moods, sudden, dangerous, ruthless, when he turned to his companions. "You are not to suppose," he cried masterfully, "that my May-Anne is untrue. She never loved me more than when she was that other's. It is a way she has."

"Spine of the Devil," said Bertie De Bumm, "spoken like a King."

"As for the French girl, I shall wed her. She will never guess that, as I strain her to me, it will really be May-Anne whom I caress."

"The French," quoth Bertie, "were ever poor dressers." So they spurred on, fiercely, the King humming songs to the green eyes of May-Anne, Bertie, jabbing the King's horse with his sword-point to make it buck. It was his way of playing the Willy.

"Do nothing till you see me," he had said to her, in days now drear in age, and the words May-Anne clung to as she prayed, kneeling in the black and blue church, her bridegroom licking his lips for her. She had said Nilly to that word of Richard's, yet now, at the flaring altar, her hot eyes crept doorwise, as she prayed. "Eeny, iny, meeny, mo," she prayed, and at the words Richard came humming to her side, tucked her under his armpit, stood so for an hour or so, just to prove himself trained to the hour; and then, before the company, panting, came to its senses, rushed her to the 25-yard line for a touch-down. "Out of my way, Souls of Pigs!" he cried, and so vamoosed. May-Anne, hot-haired, hot-faced, hot-fingered, all het up, her green hair girdling her hot waist, strained to him for his kisses, the which he rained hotly between hums. The hue and cry came faintly; they were out of it; heart to heart, talking sweet matters; heart to heart, hot and humming.

"By the Face," cried Richard at last, "here is Love, and now for War!"

Here the Abbot Highlow records touching our chronicle, thus:

The King, my master, being as I have set forth, leopard, and a humming one, in his nature, was much given to changing his spots. In this wise came he to marry the French girl, while making May-Anne the mother of an heir who, like himself, hummed hugely. In this wise, too, came he to tilt against Saladin for the grave of Our Lord in Jerusalem. There befell much evil, and from that stress he was saved by the martyrdom of May-Anne, whose green eyes now glimmered over Palestine. She went, by stealth,

to the Old Man of the Sea, chief of Police in those parts, to dicker with him concerning King Richard's safety.

The Old Man sat at his desk, chewing silently, bitterly, brown tobacco. "You say," he whispered, "that they seek to give Richard the garrotte? It is the first I have heard of it."

"It has not," said May-Anne, baring her purple lips, "been in the newspaper, yet."

"Ah," said the Old Man, "that accounts for it. And you seek his safety?"

May-Anne inclined her hot head. The Old Man, between closed lids, considered her points. May-Anne was willing to pay for protection. The baby at her breast hummed lustily, and at that she gave him what he hummed for. The Old Man, too, had what he had been humming for a long time. At the sight of it he made up his mind. "She is worth it," he whispered, and made up his mind to send word to the force that Richard must be let alone. He inclined his head, and they led May-Anne along Mulberry street.

Richard, humming, took the news like a king. Visions of May-Anne came to him again, Nilly though his mood was. He felt her again c'lose to his heart, under his armpit, felt again all the torrid times they had had, hot and humming. Oh immeasurably loved, oh carelessly lost! He conceived her humming to the Old Man; saw her riding in that doughface's automobile. He swore by God's nails; he issued forth and slew three thousand Saracens for sheer luck; he had himself shriven by the Abbot Highlow. Yet he knew May-Anne had done this for love of him.

He knew that May-Anne had saved him from the gang. He knew she still loved him; else had she not taken to having her clothes charged to the Old Man. As a King he could put no other meaning on May-Anne's action.

Pity him, if you can. My prayer is that, when they died, Richard and May-Anne, they found each other again where, humming, neither Willy nor Nilly could spoil their good times.

Percival Pollard.

IMMORTALITY ON TAP.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY AND THE PASTOR OF THE PHILISTINES.

THE American Academy of Immortals is otherwise known as the Society of The Philistines. It is Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, New York, on the theory that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." The Academy or the Society gets your name and sends you a fellowship card, which is signed by the Bursar, intimating that a Committee of Seventy has vouched for you as a person of probity and worthy of membership in the Academy of Immortals. The annual dues are \$1, and this entitles the man selected, if he send the dollar, to all the publications of the society or academy. You send your dollar and you get a great deal of very excellent reading and beautiful printing. But everybody doesn't send his dollar. When Mr. Ernest McGaffey, the Chicago poet, received his notification he didn't send the dollar. He took the fellowship card and wrote upon it the following:

"Said Simple Simon to the pie-man  
Let me taste your ware."

The round, hard dollar of our Dads  
May very potent be,  
But who shall hope to gain with "scads"  
An Immortality?

His muse's hoofs are shod with fire  
That doth Parnassus hold;  
Oblivion's dust shall heap the lyre  
Whose trembling strings were gold.

With one plain "buck"—or say a "bone"  
With Bards a niche to keep?  
Serene, apart, star-like, alone—  
S'death, 'tis parlous cheap.

Dull traffic's tool hath earned its place  
Among the lesser throng;  
It shall not rule with signet base  
The wayward sons of Song.

Good Bursar, if immortal—when  
Shall I such greatness bear?  
Before thou get'st my dollar, then,  
Pray let me taste thy ware.

Ernest McGaffey.

## THE HUXLEY FAKE.

A PROTEST AGAINST SCIENTIFIC SUPERSTITION.

THE judicious mind finds constant occasion for grief in the capacity of the chump-headed public for being gulled. Once in a while the j. m. feels the burden of its sorrow too great to be silently borne, and addresses to the chatters in the market place a few well chosen remarks relative to their collective chumpishness. Of course this doesn't do the public any good, but it relieves the judicious mind.

In former ages the gullibility of mankind was most marked in regard to things religious. A man who was born with a chronic indisposition to work generally hunted up a new religion, or a new revelation about an old religion, and worked the priest racket on his guileless neighbors. Result, an easy living for the priest, and some new brands of theological buncomb for his faithful flock to fight over.

Nowadays we have changed all that. With the progress of enlightenment we have outgrown the childish beliefs of our benighted forefathers, and have adopted what are known as "scientific habits of thought." Wherefore we no longer kill each other in disputes as to whether Smith's god is better than the Jones god, nor do we exalt as our chiefest man the one who says he knows the most about the unknowable. Instead, we bow in adoration before the man who can invent the longest names for common objects or processes, and who can confuse and mystify us with the most incomprehensible jargon about matters of every-day occurrence. Thus, as a successor to the religious fakir, we have gradually evolved the scientific fakir.

Chief among the new gods in the temple of scientific humbug is Thomas H. Huxley, whose recently-published biography has given rise to endless columns of sloppy book reviews, tedious reminiscences by John Fiske and other priestlets in the worship of the great god Fake, and admiring editorial articles from the profound and powerful thinkers of the daily press. Summed up, these various tributes acclaim the late Huxley as a great man, whose life and labors were of an inestimable service to mankind.

Now the facts are quite otherwise. Mr. Huxley was, indeed, a man of force and originality, with powers of mind that might have enabled him to contribute something of value to the knowledge of his time, had they been devoted to worthy subjects. But as he either did not know, or, knowing, did not care to study the things that are most excellent, his alleged services are as mythical as any of the inventions of Joseph Smith or earlier founders of religions.

This sweeping assertion will, of course, be regarded as blasphemy by the credulous dupes of the new fakery. "What?" they will ask, "the great Thomas H. Huxley, the leader of scientific thought for a generation, did nothing to benefit humanity? Preposterous!" But it is true, nevertheless. The forty or more years spent in traveling, experimenting, investigating, lecturing and writing, were, to all intents and purposes, wasted, and the ten volumes of the "collected works" which represent these years of study and activity, are of as much and no more value as an equal number of volumes devoted to the theological disquisitions of past centuries.

Space forbids that I should enter upon an elaborate analysis of Huxley's writings in order to establish the fact of their general worthlessness. Nor is it necessary to do this to sustain my contention. The books themselves are the best proof of the shallowness of their author's philosophy and the uselessness of his work. In his critical attacks on the old cosmogonies he added nothing new to what had already been said, and better said, by Voltaire. His constructive science was devoted to piling detail on detail of information about as important subjects as would be statistics of the birth of gray kittens in North Abington, Mass. True, it was "science," but to what good?

There is a popular belief to the effect that the mere accumulation of facts of any kind and every kind is in itself something highly commendable. It is time that this fallacy was exploded. The pursuit of knowledge, for its own sake, is a delusion. Unless the knowledge is capable of being applied, in some way, so as to benefit mankind, the seeker after truth were as well occupied if he were making mud-pies.

Thomas Huxley did nothing to lighten the burdens of any man or woman. In so far as he had any opinions on political or social questions, his views were those of the cave-man;—that might makes right; that the strong should

be supported by the weak; that the only basis for organized society is that of the struggle for existence; and that, as Thomas Carlyle described it, the Universe is a great swine-trough, in which each hog fights for the most swill. Rash, bumptious and arrogant, with nothing of the humility of a true student of the great problems of life, he assumed to criticize his intellectual and moral superiors, and in doing so wrote himself down an ass. And in spite of the touting of the ignorant mob, which thinks to credit itself with wisdom by admiring what it is told is great learning and knowledge, the verdict of posterity will be that of the discerning few of to-day: that Thomas H. Huxley was the P. T. Barnum of nineteenth century science.

Whidden Graham.

## THE FIELD OF SPORT.

The Jeffries-Ruhlin Fizzle

MALEFICENT publicity, meant as benevolent advertising, spoiled the Jeffries-Ruhlin fight. Had the fighters been allowed to remain in the East, or, at least, distant from Cincinnati, had the Cincinnati papers printed news of the fight for just what it was worth, had some one clapped a muzzle on Billy Brady, the whining fice of the pugilistic kennel, the fight would have taken place in Cincinnati. But when the journalistic managers of the affair insisted that Ruhlin and Jeffries train near, to "make it strong," to help boom the "gate" along, to aid reporters grind out "stuff" meant to advertise the bout, when Brady was allowed to call the Civic Federation "a bunch of fanatics and old women," the fat was in the fire. All of which proves that money getting and successful operation of sporting enterprises, from a purely sporting point of view, never will go hand in hand. The primary object of the Jeffries-Ruhlin fight was not sport, was not to decide which was the best fighting man. The fight scheme was planned and conducted primarily to get money. The money was supposed to go to the Saengerfest Association, the organization which erected the Saengerfest building, to pay off a great debt which it found on its hands when the German singing societies left Cincinnati last summer. The Cincinnati people built the hall to accommodate the singing societies. They did not know a boxing match from a relay race or a pair of gloves from a stakeless ring. A "wise" sporting writer "tipped them off" to the chance to pull off the big fight. He figured that their standing as business men and public spirited citizens would protect them from legal interference and that the apparent worthiness of the object—the liquidation of a quasi-public liability, incurred in laudable promotion of public welfare, would be a guarantee against all-round sandbagging and grafting. These business men, who, however capable they may be in business, are always such fools and "suckers" in affairs of sport, overlooked the illegality of the shameful and degrading thing they were being led to do. They said they would put up money to finance the fight and use their influence to see it through. How deservedly the entire scheme failed has been shown. The failure to pull off the fight is not regretted by true sports who follow the ring, particularly as it may lead to the permanent suppression and elimination from the world of sport of Billy Brady. Pugilism has been the tail of the canine of sport and Billy Brady had been the tick at the root of that tail, impudent, offensive, glib, slick, saucy, insignificant but insuppressible, thus far, at least. If the fiasco at Cincinnati means that pugilism is dead and that Billy Brady is dead with it, not even the most abject slave of slug will regret its taking away. Just as long as they take Brady away and give a guarantee that he shall not return, no one will object if they take pugilism away also.

## Golf

ST. LOUIS is a slow town in all the gaits, and she has been slow in golf. The game was ten years getting here from Chicago. It was here three years before anyone knew of it, save a favored half dozen who played it at the Country Club grounds. It was jealously guarded as a Country Club property too dear for public profanation, at that time. The newspapers, slow as they are in such matters, got to it long before the Country Club approved of their doing so. For some time, the Country Club professional golfer had instructions to throw reporters off the links, to tell them "nothing." Under these circumstances it is not any wonder that golf was slow in spreading about St. Louis. It was denied a beneficent publicity, and without proper publicity no game can flourish. By and by, some of the members of the press began playing, and

upon their merits won their way to the regard of golfers. Now the game is booming in St. Louis. Nothing done in connection with the proposed World's Fair in St. Louis so advertised it as the proposition made by the Glen Echo Country Club to give a World's Fair Golf tournament in St. Louis, during World's Fair year, with \$10,000 in prizes. The idea was so unique, and the prizes offered proportionately so large, that every daily, weekly and monthly journal in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, which at all prints golf news, gave it extended mention and analysis. Its discussion revealed the fact that, outside of St. Louis, few people, even among the best informed, had any idea that St. Louis was to have a World's Fair. Since the publication of the fact, two months ago, St. Louis has been steadily before the eyes of golfers all over the world as the place where the biggest tournament, for the biggest prizes ever offered, will be held in World's Fair year. Thus has proper and beneficent publication, in a large measure, overcome the handicaps and drawbacks to which the game was subject in its local incipency. Golf will be quite a game in St. Louis next season, and for many seasons to come. With ten good courses about town and somewhat more than 1000 players, its effect upon the life of the city will be some apparent. It is the game for the business man, beyond any doubt. It is having its boom, as the bicycle had its boom, and many ask, will it have its decline as the wheel has had? No. Cycling was work. The people were stricken with a craze for riding over dusty roads in hot weather. Golf is not work. It is fun and education combined.

## Racing

READERS of the MIRROR understand the cause of the "fight" between local race tracks. For some five years the Fair Association has enjoyed a monopoly of racing profits in St. Louis. Last fall the Kinloch Park track was built, but its remoteness from the center of population and other causes hardly qualified it for regard as a real rival of the Fair Association, whose advantages of location, etc., made it master of the situation. However, last winter, the Adler, Cella and Tilles syndicate of turfmen and stock brokers, race track men of experience and great wealth, resolved to build a track at Suter avenue and the city limits, just east of Delmar Garden. It is to be a first-class track, lots of money are to be spent on it and, in every way, location, furnishings, etc., it was to be a suitable rival for the Fair Grounds. Then the Fair Grounds people went to work to shut off Delmar Park, with its promised dangerous competition. For five years monopoly had earned the Fair Grounds over \$500,000, and assisted to pay \$400,000 of its bonded indebtedness. The Fair Grounds did not wish to give up a good thing. Just one year more of the monopoly and all its bonded indebtedness would be paid. The plan hit upon to kill Delmar Park was to form a jockey club on the plan of the Eastern Jockey Club, which would assume control of racing in the Middle West and allot dates to tracks, as the Eastern Jockey Club does. This association was formed under the name of the Western Jockey Club. It embraces three Chicago, one St. Louis, one Cincinnati, the Memphis, New Orleans and Louisville tracks. It began its work giving the Fair Association 90 days' racing in St. Louis, in May, June and August, the entire cream of the local racing season, which, under the State law, is of but six months' duration. This leaves Delmar and Kinloch Parks but 60 days of racing between them, 30 days in the spring and 30 in the fall, both undesirable months. Kinloch, being weak, accepted this decision. Delmar, being strong, refused it as unfair and inequitable, and declared for war unless it was rescinded. Hide-bound turfmen profess to regard the impending conflict between the race tracks as a matter of dire affliction. Between all three tracks, that is between the men interested in all three tracks as stockholders, directors, etc., some \$30,000,000 is mixed up in the so-called "race track war." But the stock of the three tracks concerned will not aggregate more than \$500,000. So it seems that there is a deal of ado about a purely commercial rivalry, in which but half a million is concerned, wholly because the fight is supposed to be in "sport," just as the commercial antagonism between rival baseball leagues, affecting the vital interests of some 500 persons and about \$2,000,000, is accorded more daily publicity than the mighty financial battles of the great Iron, Coal and Railroad Trusts. The war between the local race tracks cannot be publicly viewed as a calamity of a dire nature any more than any other sharp commercial competition can be regarded as

## THE HARBOR OF DELIGHT.

HAPLESS the ship of fairest joy,  
Plaything of Destiny!  
There break no storms that may destroy  
Her wraith,—Mnemosyne.

O, but her golden name I miss,  
For in far days was she  
Known by a fairer name than this  
Sad name, Mnemosyne.

She now but o'er dream seas may glide,  
I but dream havens find,  
Till I go down to the dark tide  
That leaves the world behind.

Spell-holden shall I step into  
A waiting, mist-clad barque,  
By strong, cold winds be driven through  
Dark, and still deeper dark.

Yet shall the light at last prevail,  
The heart that held hope numb  
Beat, as the emblems on the sail  
Softly like voices come.

Then shall I leap unto the prow  
And, bending downward, see  
Storm-washed, mist-cleared, a name—but now,  
No more Mnemosyne.

With quivering haste her bows shall break  
Thro' seas that grow more blue,  
I, who sailed dreaming long, shall wake  
Within a dream found true.

The towers shall glow as if with fire,  
Bright shine the sun, more bright,  
Upon the land of my desire,  
The harbor of delight.

The dead shall come down, hand in hand,  
In welcoming pageantry,  
Surging with hearts that understand  
Fulfillment's ecstasy.

Then shall they bear me to a gate,  
Fall back—and I shall be  
Beyond the walls that baffle Fate,  
Walls that encircle thee.

*Althea Gyles, in the Saturday Review.*

## HER MAJESTY.

A QUEEN'S ADVENTURE.

HER MAJESTY STELLA, Queen of Vierstein since she first opened her eyes on this world, was about to be married, and fortunate indeed was her future husband, Duke Paul, of Salzbach, for the Queen was extremely beautiful and possessed great qualities of heart and mind. Very lovely indeed did she look on the morning of June 18, 19—, as she lingered a few minutes in the great picture-gallery of the Castle of Var. The Lady-in-Waiting who stood a few steps away turned to the Queen deferentially as the latter spoke.

"To-morrow, my good Julie," she said, "I shall be married."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"I hope," said the Queen gravely, and with a light catch in her voice, "that the step I am taking will be for the good of the realm."

"Oh, it must be so, Madame!"

"Ah, yes, it must be so; that is what we say! But there came to me the thought that if it were said to be good merely because one wished it there would be falsity. I want to be sure. I love Paul, but I should not act as if I only were concerned. All this country over which God has told me to watch has a right to be considered—all those small villages through which we drove, you remember—?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Well, the people there, and all through the wide, beautiful countryside, and in the great cities, are thinking and talking this morning of what I am about to do. But what is it, Valaise?"

The Queen turned to a nobleman in military uniform who had just entered the gallery.

"Your Majesty, a lady from Salzbach begs earnestly for audience."

"A lady from Salzbach?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And her name?"

"She does not give it, Madame."

The Queen thought a moment.

"It is somewhat strange," she said; and then to herself, "But how can I refuse, for Salzbach means Paul to me. I will see her," she said aloud. "I am happy; if I can make someone else so, I will."

The Chamberlain bowed, and a few minutes later the applicant was admitted. She was heavily veiled and dressed in black.

"You wish to see me?" asked the Queen.

"Yes, your Majesty," said the stranger tremulously; but the voice was soft and musical, and the tone touched the heart of the young monarch.

"And what can I do for you?" she asked kindly.

A sob came as the only reply.

"You are from Salzbach?" queried the Queen, anxious to give confidence to the other.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"You have friends there?" went on the youthful Sovereign, in a sympathetic manner.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And what is your name?"

"Maira Santays."

"Well, you must tell me what you wish me to do."

The woman had partly recovered herself, and she said in a low voice—

"Your Majesty, it is for your ear alone."

The Queen made a gesture of surprise, but then she signed to the Lady-in-Waiting to draw back, and Valaise, the Chamberlain, discreetly retired a few paces.

"And now," gently, "what can I do for you?"

"I came to implore forgiveness for my brother."

"Yes?"

"He is condemned, and our mother is dying. Ah, if you could be merciful, we would live only to repay you!"

The Queen's eyes filled with tears at the words.

"Your brother is condemned?"

"Yes—it is to-day."

"What has he done?"

"It was a quarrel—an insult. There was a fight; his adversary was killed."

The applicant trembled as she concluded, and seemed about to faint, and the Queen started forward.

"Help her into that room," she said. "The poor woman is ill." And Madame Juliette Scarva immediately assisted the applicant into the small side-chamber indicated by the Queen.

"Poor woman!" murmured the latter.

"Your Majesty is very good."

"You are fatigued; and you have traveled far."

The woman bowed.

The Queen turned to the Lady-in-Waiting, saying, "Give orders that she has some refreshment."

Her Majesty was about to go, when the petitioner made an appealing gesture to retain her.

"One minute more, your Majesty," she said. "Would you grant me that boon? I have something urgent to tell you."

"Yes, I will listen;" and then, as, in obedience to the Royal command, Madame Scarva withdrew and the door was closed, the woman started up from her seat, her whole demeanor changed, and, as she threw back her veil, the Queen saw with astonishment, though not alarm, for the Royal blood of Vierstein forbade fear, that there was a look of the fiercest hatred in the other's eyes.

"Madame," she exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "my petition was a ruse! It was necessary that I should see you alone. To-morrow you are to marry the Duke Paul; is it not so?"

The Queen looked haughtily at the questioner, but said nothing.

"I know it; the country—the town—is full of the hateful news. But, Madame, that marriage shall never take place. You will never be Paul's wife. You will never call him husband. Why? Because it is I—I who have loved him for long, though he noticed me not—it is I who will marry him! Heaven has willed it so. Heaven has

injurious to public weal. From the point of view of a turfman the impending fight between Delmar Park on one side and the Fair Grounds on the other, with the Chicago tracks dragged in, is calamitous, for racing is not a "sport" that can endure war. A war between race tracks is equivalent to a war between gambling houses or pugilistic clubs. When certain race tracks start to teach willing and apt political sand-baggers how to "hold up" opposing turf bodies, all-around trouble is sure to ensue. In the end, the "sicker-on" of the dogs of legislative rapine is sure to be torn to pieces by the curs he taught to hunt. Already the warring St. Louis tracks have secured legislative creatures to introduce sand-bagging bills in the Missouri Legislature. Three bills of a grossly prejudiced nature have been introduced to kill off Delmar Park. The people behind Delmar Park have strong pulls in the Illinois Legislature, which they propose to use to stop racing in Chicago, if the Chicago tracks, controlled by John Condon, persist in succoring the Fair Association in its fight with Delmar Park. The Adler-Cella syndicate, which controls Delmar Park, boldly states that it will spend \$50,000 to stop racing in Missouri and Illinois if it is not permitted to operate a race track in St. Louis. These people figure that if they spend \$5,000 to defeat a bill introduced in a legislature to protect racing it will take \$50,000 to put it through. This is hardly good sportsmanship, but, in justice to the Delmar Park people, it must be said they have always been willing to take "an even break" in fair competition, and did not threaten fight until forced to do so by the monopolistic attitude of the other tracks which tried to freeze them out of the game. It will be a merry fight while it lasts, and the race-horse owner, the business man and race-goer will profit for the moment, at least. But a lover of the sport, who hopes for its perpetuation, must shudder when he thinks of what will happen when the legislative blood-hounds get a taste of the blood-money that is to be spilt.

*Brigadier.*

## QUEEN WILHELMINA'S WEDDING.

IT'S BEARING ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE press and the public have hardly ceased their eulogies over the grave of one "political woman"—Queen Victoria—when they begin to overflow with bridal congratulations to another—Queen Wilhelmina. And these good wishes for the young queen are not feigned, but real. Many of these same men and newspapers are given to denouncing "women in politics;" but as soon as there is a royal wedding or a royal funeral, it becomes clear that their dislike is for the political woman in the abstract, not in the concrete.

Wilhelmina's wedding, like Victoria's funeral, has conspicuously refuted stock objections to equal suffrage. For instance, it is prophesied that if women take part in public affairs, they will lose all their interest in pretty clothes, and will no longer try to make themselves beautiful. But columns are devoted to the description of Wilhelmina's wedding dress, and a very pretty dress it seems to have been. We are told that no one would wish to marry a political woman. But Queen Wilhelmina has had the offer of almost every marriageable prince in Europe. It is said that if a woman held a political office, she would lose all her social influence. But Queen Wilhelmina has more social influence than any other person in Holland, precisely because she holds the highest political office in the kingdom. It is predicted that if women take an interest in public affairs, they will become demoralized and unsexed. But no one seems to entertain such fears for Wilhelmina. Last, and worst threat of all, in a woman's eyes, it is declared that a political woman could not be beloved. But all accounts agree that Wilhelmina is adored by her people, and the carnival of loyal rejoicing in the Netherlands over her wedding has been something unprecedented.

The handful of rich society women in America who officer and conduct the "Associations Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women," look with strong disapproval upon Mrs. Evangeline Hartz, member of the Colorado House of Representatives, and would regard a woman as hopelessly "unsexed" if she were elected mayor of the smallest city in Kansas by the free choice of her fellow citizens. Yet there is not one of these fashionable and aristocratic ladies but would have stood an inch taller if she had been invited to Queen Wilhelmina's wedding. Verily, consistency is a jewel!

*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## The Mirror

sent me here. To-morrow your Guards will obey me; to-morrow I shall be Queen and shall marry Paul."

Amazement filled the soul of the Queen, not only on account of the words of the speaker, who, she now felt, convinced, was some demented woman, but also for the startling reason that, now she could see the other's face, she seemed to be looking at her own countenance in a mirror, so remarkable was the resemblance. Frightened at the sensations which came to her, she was about to call for aid to take the mad woman away, when the latter advanced threateningly upon her.

"No, I am not insane," she exclaimed, as though she had read the other's thoughts and was answering a question; "and it will be all as I say," and ere the Queen could draw back or guard herself from attack, Moira Santays had quickly placed a handkerchief upon her face—a handkerchief which smelt of some intoxicating perfume.

The Queen gave a sigh of anguish and dismay.

"Ah, help!" she cried; but the words were indistinct, and she sank into the other's arms.

The sham petitioner regarded her rival with triumph as she gently laid her on a sofa.

"But I must be quick," she said, "or I may be interrupted; though, as I am now a Queen, they will hardly come unless I call."

She rapidly took off her black cloak, and disclosed a costume almost exactly similar to that worn by the Queen. Examining the unconscious girl, she noticed a large jewel.

"It will make the deception complete," she said, as she transferred it to her own corsage. Then she placed her black cloak round the sleeping figure, and drew the curtains, which were on each side of the sofa, forward in such a manner that the Queen was concealed from view.

"That will do, I think," she said. "Until to-morrow! But she will not wake till afterwards, long afterwards, and then it will be too late. It is she who will petition me."

Softly she went to the door, opened it, and entered the gallery. There was no one in sight. She felt the door-handle and found that the key was there. Quick as thought, she closed and locked the door, and, placing the key in her pocket, took a few paces down the gallery.

There was a step behind her, and she turned to see who was coming.

"Madame!"

It was the chief Lady-in-Waiting, who seemed to be in no doubt as to the identity of the person she addressed.

"Yes?"

"I have done as your Majesty ordered; the poor woman whom you saw will be looked after."

"Ah! Thanks; but there is now no need."

"The poor woman is not here?"

"No; a mere case of begging, but it was a hard case; hat was a deceitful story she told. She merely wanted alms. She has gone."

The Lady-in-Waiting bowed.

"By the way—"

The Queen had taken a few steps and had then paused.

"Your Majesty?"

"What had I proposed to do to-day?"

The Lady-in-Waiting gave a surprised glance at her mistress, who noticed it and said quickly—

"It is true that I am very forgetful this morning; the story that woman told me has put everything out of my head."

"Your Majesty was to drive."

"Ah, true!"

"And then there is the banquet to-night."

"Of course! But the drive?"

"Was to be taken now."

"Then let us go. Proceed, Madame Scarva."

The Lady-in-Waiting escorted the false Queen to a superbly appointed dressing-room and rang for maids.

During the elaborate operation of costuming for the drive, there was but little conversation; but, to the astonishment of the assistants, the Queen's pet lap-dog barked furiously at its mistress, and had to be driven away.

As she was entering the carriage, the Queen laughingly said to Madame Scarva—

"You are not superstitious, Madame?"

"Oh, but I am! But why does your Majesty ask?"

"Because you made no remark when that dog barked at me."

"It was strange."

"It is generally so amiable, then?"

"To be sure! It dislikes strangers, but it loves your Majesty, and will scarcely tolerate a caress from anyone else."

The Queen seemed lost in a reverie. At length she looked up.

"I hope that it was not an unlucky omen on my wedding eve."

The Lady-in-Waiting gave a little deprecatory laugh.

The day passed smoothly, for Madame Scarva was always by the side of the false Queen. Sometimes she was plainly surprised at the fact of the Sovereign's absent-mindedness, but this she attributed to the preoccupation inevitable to the time; there were many audiences to give, and her mistress was to be married on the morrow with great pomp at the Cathedral. Small wonder, then, if the girl Queen forgot a few things and fell into reveries now and again.

Even the Duke spoke to the Queen on the subject. After the State Banquet and before the Royal pair entered the brilliantly illuminated ball-room, he returned to the matter.

She looked at him and smiled, and his anxiety vanished.

Later, the Queen found herself alone in her private boudoir, which opened into a conservatory where there were fountains and lights among the trees, while the door of the *serre* led out into an old-fashioned garden. She beckoned to Madame Scarva, who had appeared at the entrance of the boudoir.

"I am going into the garden," said the Queen.

"Shall I accompany you, Madame?"

"Do so, my good Julie."

The two young women walked through the conservatory and out on to the soft turf of the garden towards a little lake. The Queen paused to admire the night.

"To-morrow," she said, half to herself; "to-morrow!"

"To-morrow your Majesty will be happier still."

"Shall I?" came the remark. "Shall I? Can we be sure of the morrow?"

"Your Majesty does wrong to doubt!"

"Do I? And yet this night anything might occur to mar the morrow—anything, anything! Do they know up there?" and she pointed to the stars.

The Lady-in-Waiting said nothing, and they walked on in silence for a few minutes, till Madame Scarva exclaimed suddenly. "Shall we go to the arbor?"

"What arbor?"

Success had rendered the false Queen over-confident, and she sustained without alarm the gaze of consternation which Madame Scarva directed to her as they stood at the edge of the lake.

"Your Majesty cannot have forgotten?"

"Queens are allowed to have short memories; Louis Dix-huit claimed the privilege for Kings. I have forgotten!"

Madame Scarva looked intently at the speaker, and then a sudden blaze of light seemed to come to her.

"You are not the Queen!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"There is some plot. I have felt that something was wrong! And she started to hasten back to the Palace; but the other was too quick, and seized her by the arm, forcing her to her knees on the grass.

"Unfortunate woman!" she exclaimed. "If you have guessed the truth, it is well that it is you alone. No, I am not the Queen—the Queen that you know; but I am the Queen for all the world besides. Listen! It was I who loved the Duke Paul; it is I whom he will marry!"

"And my mistress?"

"Must accept the inevitable."

"She lives, then! Thank Heaven, she lives!"

The Lady-in-Waiting murmured the words to herself.

"You will swear silence? You had better do so, for it is an affair of life or death!"

"As there is a God in heaven, never! Never! I will undo your abominable treachery! You dare not kill me."

The other laughed.

"Be advised," she said, and she stooped and, still holding the arm of the Lady-in-Waiting, hissed in her ear. "If you do not swear silence, you will never get away from this spot! Do you think that I will let myself be worsted by you?"

Madame Scarva struggled to free herself, and then called out, "Help! Help!"

"Mad fool!" exclaimed the other, and, quick as thought, she drew a small Italian dagger and stabbed the Lady-in-Waiting to the heart.

Her victim gave a long, heart-rending sigh, and fell forward.

The murderess leaned down and gave a sigh of relief; then she pushed the body over the marble edge of the lake, and it disappeared silently under the leaves of the water-lilies.

"I am the Queen," she said softly, as she made her way back to the Palace. "Paul shall be my husband;" and, on re-entering the Palace, she made her way to the picture-gallery, pausing, however, at the entrance to a small chapel, where the moon's rays, flashing through a blue window, fell on the Crucifix. For a moment she hesitated, but then strength came again, and she proceeded to the room where lay the real Queen. The officer on duty at the far end of the picture-gallery stood at attention as she entered the room. The Queen was still unconscious, and her captor placed another handkerchief to her face.

"She will not awake for another day and more," she said, as she left the room, locking the door; "and then—then I shall be Queen indeed, and can decide on her fate."

Then she passed softly through the picture-gallery to her own private apartments, stopping on the way to address a word to a lady who seemed to be waiting for orders.

"Ah! Apropos, Madame, you will attend me to-night."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Madame Scarva has been called away."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"It is very unfortunate, but you will do your best?"

"Oh, yes!"

"So that, perhaps, I shall not be the one to suffer," she added, with an indulgent smile.

"I hope not, your Majesty."

There was a general holiday on the following day, the day of the marriage of the Queen and of the Duke Paul. From a very early hour all the world was on foot. On the outskirts of the city there was merry-making; booths and circuses had been established; at the cafes traveling musicians struck up lively airs and received good rewards for their minstrelsy. The streets were gaily decorated with flags and colored cloth.

It was at one o'clock in the afternoon that the Royal procession started on its return journey from the Cathedral, amid the cheers of an immense concourse of people, who saluted their fair young monarch and her Consort with enthusiastic shouts of pleasure. The Queen looked proud and smiling, but there were some who considered that the Duke, her husband appeared grave.

At the end of the great tree-lined square where the cavalcade had to enter the avenue which led to the Palace, a man in the crowd pressed forward, and, ere his hand could be stayed, presented a pistol at the Queen. He fired, and there was a shout of dismay; the horse of the mounted policeman just in front of him stampeded, and the Queen fell back on the cushion of the carriage—dead! No! For as her husband bent over her, he heard her murmur piteously the one word, "Justice!"

Then it was all over.

A scene of indescribable tumult ensued immediately. A doctor rushed forward. The palace was reached, but, though, to that extent, the police and military succeeded in maintaining order, their success stopped there. A posse of mounted constables endeavored to arrest the criminal. They formed a circle round him, but the mob—the mob which was everywhere, which was shrieking itself hoarse in fury—would not be denied. The murderer was dragged forth and torn to pieces by the enraged crowd.

Meanwhile, in the picture-gallery of the Palace a dog was barking furiously and tearing at a door. For a time nobody took any notice of it, for all was confusion and terror; but at length an old man-servant's attention was arrested, and he stopped and spoke to the dog.

"What is it, old fellow?" he said compassionately.

Then he tried the door. It was locked.

"Someone is inside there, evidently," he said, and he went away and made inquiries for the key; but nobody could tell where it was to be found.

At length, with the assent of a Captain of the Guards, the door was broken down, and the dog dashed forward and, jumping on the couch, licked its mistress's face.

The Queen looked around her.

"Where am I?" she asked; and then, "Oh, I remember—that woman in black! Where is she?"

The voice could not be mistaken, and a Chamberlain

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who had joined the group said respectfully, "Madame, there has been a great error, but it was a fortunate error. What has to be done now is to reassure the city."

*The Sketch.*

## THE EMPEROR'S ROOM.

A POET IN THE WAKE OF THE RAVAGING ALLIES.

THERE is a discreet odor of tea in the darkened room, an odor of something indefinable, of dead flowers and old silk. It is impossible to obtain more light in this room, which is only accessible from a sombre, great hall. The alcove-bed, broad and low, seems to be dug into the thick wall, and is provided with curtains and coverlets of dark-blue silk. There are no chairs; perhaps because there is no room for them. Neither are there any books; the deficient light would not permit of reading. There are some bronze vases, containing artificial bouquets of rigid form and petals of ivory. Deep dust is lying upon everything, an indication that the room has not been occupied for a long time.

On first glance, the eye fails to notice anything peculiar or distinguishing, if exception may be made of the elegant sculpture work of ebony on the bed, which attests the patience of Chinese artists. Everything is mournful and of sombre austerity. Where am I? What kind of a clandestine, forlorn, world-forgetting room is this?

Is it possible that anybody has recently lived here? How many hours, or how many centuries have passed since the last occupant left this room?

He was undoubtedly a melancholy, life-weary dreamer, to hide himself in such gloom and silence. Also a person of refinement and distinction, or else he would not have left behind him such an aristocratic, complex odor, indicating a life of ease and philosophical reverie.

Is it somewhat stifling in this room, with its extremely

small windows of silken paper, which can never be opened for the influx of air and sunshine. And then one thinks of all the obstacles that had to be surmounted before reaching this place. It is disquieting. First the great, black wall, of Babylonian appearance, the well nigh superhuman ramparts of a city of more than ten miles circumference. Then a second wall, painted a blood-red, which forms another fortified city, and, finally, a third wall, still more imposing, but of the same color as the second,—the wall of the great mystery, for, previous to the present war of assassination and devastating cruelty, no European had ever penetrated beyond it. We were to-day compelled to halt for more than an hour in front of this magnificent third wall, notwithstanding our properly executed passes, before we were given permission to enter. There are a few more walls, of almost infinite extension, ornamented in various, almost terrifying ways. And then comes the last rampart, where we met beardless, singular-looking persons, who greeted us with timid salutes and guided us through a labyrinth of small courts and still smaller, enclosed gardens, all anxiously protected and secluded, and peopled with monsters of marble and bronze, grimacing at us with an expression of ferocity and hatred. And within all these walls, courts and gardens, every door closed behind us with an intimidating promptitude, as in a night-mare where one is lost in a series of endless corridors, and where doors are constantly closing behind and around you to prevent your escape.

When we finally arrived in this mysterious room, we were overwhelmed with a feeling that we had committed an act of brutal profanation and sacrilege. We were almost ashamed and avoided the gaze of the little group of beardless, timid men, who, on their soles of paper, walked around noiselessly, and watched us with anxious expectancy. They are willing to do everything to please us, these eunuchs in their robes of silk, these emaciated mandarins, with their red button and their black feather of a raven.

When we expressed the desire to see this room, they resorted to subterfuges and excuses. They tried everything to persuade us to go elsewhere; they were willing to show us everything else, in this palace of an Heliogabalus, but this room of gloom and mystery. They called our attention to everything of interest, to a veritable Versailles of art and sculpture, invaded by the grass of the cemetery and the distressing croaking of the raven.

Who occupied this room, sequestered behind all these walls? Who lived his life in a prison more frightful than all the prisons of Europe? Who slept in that bed, beneath the silken coverlets of a bluish nocturne?

It was the emperor, the invisible son of heaven, the boy-monarch, whose empire 's vaster than all Europe, and who reigns, like a vague phantom, over about 450,000,000 of people.

What grotesque impression had he been permitted to receive of the outside world, this melancholy dreamer? The demi-god Emperors from whom he descends had all Asia at their feet. Tributary sovereigns prostrated themselves at the foot of their throne, surrounded by brilliant retinues and standards, the magnificence of which we can no longer imagine.

What may he think to-day, the son and grandson of mighty emperors, after the many months of war, rapine, brutality, murder and devastation? His palace has been invaded by enemies, his rooms have been ransacked, and he has been compelled to flee, to brave the hardships of hasty travel and to mix with the common multitude.

As we are about to leave the abandoned room of the fugitive monarch, two European soldiers, who had been stationed behind us, throw themselves on the imperial couch, and one of them, with unmistakable Gascon accent, triumphantly exclaims: "Well, old boy, we can at least say that we have slept in the bed of the Emperor of China."

*Translated from the French, of Pierre Loti, by Francis A. Huter.*

## THE SECRET CHAMBER.

Cupid entered softly, in order not to alarm the owner, and looked about him.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Have I made a mistake?"

He examined his notes.

"No," he continued, "this is it. 'Heart Number Sixteen Thousand and Nine, District Five Hundred and Thirteen. Horace Kirk, bachelor.' But what has happened? Why, I never would have known them for the same apartments I visited a year ago!"

He now began a slow tour of inspection, scrutinizing and commenting, as he proceeded from corner to corner.

"There used to be a lot of photographs on this mantelpiece. He said that they were his champagne accounts, receipted. Nearly every green-room favorite in the city was exhibited. I wonder what he has done with them all. And pish! A view of the interior of Durham Cathedral—the idea!—where that jolly poker picture once hung. Books—hum-m-m—'Familiar Quotations'—'Browning'—'Cyrano de Bergerac'—fiddlesticks! I don't see any of the old standbys—not one! Nor is there anything new in that line, either. Time was when I would surely have found the latest by Tolstoy or Zola lying here right under my hand. No decanter on the sideboard! The tobacco in this jar is as dry as powder! And the full-length panel of Kittie Kissington (the little rogue!) is gone! Oh, dear! oh, dear! It doesn't seem like the same place at all. Positively—I smell perfume instead of stale smoke! And what's this—a glove?"

He stooped and picked something from the floor.

"A five!" he ejaculated. He sniffed at it. "Perfumed—scented like the atmosphere, too," he continued. "That explains the whole affair. There's a woman in this heart! Of course. And—and I believe I see her over there, on the couch in the corner.

Cupid tiptoed across the room, but his precautions were in vain, for, as he approached, the girl on the couch smiled brightly at him.

"Well," she said, "you see I am here."

"Yes," responded Cupid, somewhat puzzled, "I see. But how did you get in? I'm certain that he didn't expect you."

"Oh, I simply got in all the easier, on that account," she replied. "In fact, while he was looking one way, I slipped in by another. I've been here only a week."

"I suppose he knows all about it, now," hazarded Cupid, rather gruffly, for he was both astounded and apprehensive.

"To be sure!" she exclaimed, gaily. "Don't you notice the change? He has thrown out just piles of stuff, to make the place fit for me. There never was a girl here before, you see. Really, it took him a whole night to clean house. He didn't sleep at all. Poor fellow! But I'm going to repay him much more than he has lost, and I'm so happy."

"Yes, yes," said Cupid, impatiently. "No doubt you are. It is evident that you are very cosy in this nice corner—I see that he has fixed you up a sort of sanctum, nicely cushioned and screened. But tell me—what has he done with—with the 'stuff' he used to have lying around here?"

The girl made a vague, spreading gesture with her hands.

"Gone," she answered, laughing merrily. "Burned—destroyed—forever."

"How do you know?" pursued Cupid, cruelly.

"Why, he told me!" ejaculated the girl, with indignation.

"All right," hastily answered Cupid. "You and he have my best wishes, and I'm free to admit that the rooms look much better. It's quite an improvement over a month ago. Only, don't merely sit in this corner day and night and be pretty. The apartments must be kept in order, you know, and be attended to."

"Of course!" agreed the girl. "I mean to go over them every evening, and sweep and dust and have them sweet and clean and fresh always."

When she had finished speaking Cupid had bowed himself out—and once outside, he chuckled.

The very next day he returned, and cautiously peeked in. Then he boldly crossed the threshold, for the girl's corner was vacant.

"I knew it would be so—at times," he murmured. "And now, let's see."

Unhesitatingly he made his way to where some draperies hung against the wall, and, parting them, felt behind them.

"Ah," he said.

He drew a skeleton key from his sash, applied it—and, lo, he had opened a secret door. He poked in his head, like a curious wren.

"I thought so!" he laughed. "Burned—destroyed—nonsense! I didn't believe it, if she did!"

For here, in a hidden room, were the decanter, and the photographs, and the poker pictures, and old books, and Zola's and Tolstoy's latest, and a favorite blend of Turkish, and Kittie Kissington, and a huge bunch of ball programmes, and a Pierrot costume of the French ball, and a fantastic rack of pipes, and—oh, ever so many things, with a rich odor of tobacco floating over like incense.

"What a snug retreat!" observed Cupid, surveying the interior. "And I'm afraid—I'm afraid that he's beginning to hang about in it, considerably. The shameless—the poor pretender! Still, no doubt he meant well. She does not know about it now. I wonder how long before she'll suspect."

He shut the door, locked it, and carefully rearranged the hangings.

"I do hope," he said, as he hastily retired, "that she won't be too disappointed. She thinks that she has seen the whole suite. But she was determined to come, and she ought to have understood that it was a bachelor heart, and rather old to be remodeled. Mercy!" he added, "what a time she's gone! Can she have lost her way back—already?"—*Edwin L. Sabin, in New York Life.*

From England comes the statement of the existence there of an unusual occupation for women. It is that of "shoe-breaker." The professional, for a stated price, which is not large, will take new shoes and wear them to a condition of comfort, a process which takes from two to four days. In busy times, it is said, she has several pairs going at once. The limitations of the "shoe-breaker," unless she has a corps of assistants to insure a range of size in feet, are obvious. The occupation would hardly flourish over here, our shoes having been brought to a perfection of make by which they are, if properly selected, comfortable from the outset.

ENTITLED TO HALF RATES: *Beggar*—"Please give a poor old blind man a dime." *Citizen*—"Why, you can see out of one eye." *Beggar*—"Well, then, give me a nickle."—*Chicago News.*

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## DOCKERY'S APPOINTMENTS.

Governor Dockery's appointments of his St. Louis cabinet are distinctly good,—if a little too slick.

He could not in decency turn down Mr. Hawes. His pledge was given to Mr. Blong six months before the nomination. The appointments named are good politics. Mr. Woerner is a good man too. He will stand for the square thing, while Messrs. Hawes and Blong represent respectively the Jefferson Club and Barrett factions.

Mr. Ballard is a gentleman of good repute hidden behind spectacles and whiskers. I'm judging by the muddy pictures in the papers. Ed. Noonan says you can't trust men with spectacles and whiskers, in politics. He would have none but smooth shaven men about him.

Dockery's turn down of L. D. Kingsland in the Election Commissioner's office was a shame. "Doug" is a nice, clean old gentleman and did no harm to anyone. Perhaps it was his honest harmlessness that let him out.

As for James McCaffery, his manner is unpleasant, but he's a more honest man than has been suspected. He got through because Ed Butler told Dockery that if he would appoint McCaffery, he, Butler, would withdraw his son's name as a candidate for the place.

Thus Mr. McCaffery is rewarded by Butler for deserting the late Ben Brady who did much to put McCaffery on his political feet. "Old Ed" is not ungrateful.

William A. Hobbs is a popular man. He is on the level and if he doesn't get a square deal he is able to make a noise that will be heard in Mars. Hobbs is a distinctly good man for the Election office.

But John M. Wood! There's the politician for you. Wood is the best politician in the State. He knows all the ropes. He is another Dockery, but with considerably more frankness in his methods. He doesn't put people off with a wink. Wood is the man who will look after Dockery's interests here. He stands well with the good people, and can make a good moral front. He will not have any hand in crooked work. You folks interested in politics, though, want to look out for John M. Wood. He's slicker than the slickest, and his hayseed country methods are not as simple as they seem.

There will be trouble, before long, between Wood and Hawes. Hawes will find Wood the smoothest proposition, and as strong as smooth, that he ever went up against. Wood isn't a gangster as we city folks know the gangsters. He's a country politician and the best in the State. He's not in politics for "stuff" but just to keep his wits sharp, and Hawes will be a whetstone for him. Wait and see this come out as I've said.

The Committeeman.

Mr. Le Jecks—"Well, Miss Coldcash, I suppose you received a good many birthday cards?" Miss Coldcash (sweetly)—"Oh, yes; and there was one particularly dainty and artistic. I'm sure it came from you." Mr. Le Jecks (delighted)—"What makes you think so?" Miss Coldcash—"Because I sent it to you on your last birthday."—*Tit-Bits.*

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Mrs. R. J. Dwyer is entertaining Miss Macdonell, of Toronto, Canada.

Miss Etta Stolle has been entertaining the Misses Creighton, of Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. William Watson, of 4109 Maryland avenue, gave a reception on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marx are now settled in their new home, 5190 Cabanne avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Medart gave a musical at their home, 1720 Missouri avenue, on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Whitfield Russell, of 4530 Forest Park boulevard, gave a tea from three to five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. William Hamilton Cline, of Kansas City, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayliss, of Page boulevard.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Hoke and Miss Hoke entertained on Tuesday with a house warming, at their residence, on Castleman avenue.

Mrs. George S. McGrew, of the West End Hotel, will leave this week for the East, whence she will sail, on March 5th, for Europe, to join Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert, in Paris.

Mrs. G. A. Hayward and Miss Irwin Hayward left last Monday evening for New Orleans, La., to attend Mardi Gras, before joining Col. Hayward and Miss Florence Hayward at Pass Christian.

Miss Mayme Lumaghi and her sister, Mrs. Katharine Drew, who have been travelling abroad for some months, are now in Rome. They recently attended a tea given by the wife of the Secretary of the King of Italy.

Miss Blanche Holland, of New York City, has been spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gilman, of Lindell Boulevard, who entertained for her with a euchre last week. Miss Holland will leave for home this week.

The engagement of Miss Clemence Clark and Mr. Ed. Adreon, was announced last week at a tea given on Friday evening by Mrs. E. L. Adreon, the mother of Mr. Adreon. Miss Clark has been one of the belles for several years.

Mrs. J. H. Trorlicht, with Misses Alice and Clara Trorlicht and Miss Etta Stolle, will leave shortly for New York, whence they will sail for Europe on March 16th. They will make a tour the continent and also take the Mediterranean trip.

Mrs. Theodore Shelton and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Skinner, gave a reception on Tuesday afternoon in honor of their guests, Mrs. H. B. Duke, of Kansas City, and Miss Myra Jones, of Sedalia, Mo. The punch bowl was presided over by Misses Anna Gentry Skinner and Marion Wade.

Mrs. Edwin Harrison gave the second of her series of teas on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Louise Harrison, at her residence at 3747 Westminster place. The ladies assisting the hostess were Mesdames George Hoblitzelle, I. G. W. Steedman, Harrison Steedman, Jas. Leete and Misses Leete and Genevieve Knapp.

Mrs. Amadee V. Reyburn gave a pretty reception on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Amadee V. Reyburn, Jr., and Mrs. Vincent Kerens. The ladies serving were: Mesdames George Claves, F. B. McKenna and Frank Hamilton, and Misses Grace Merrill, Mary Lackland, and Josephine Lee, who served in turns, relieving each other every half hour at the punch bowl.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Green and Mr. Walter Duke Thomson, on April 17th, will be one of the largest and most fashionable weddings of the spring. Miss Green will be attended by a coterie of fashionable bridesmaids, among whom will be Misses Grace Gale, Carrie Cook, Marian Rumsey, Julia Rumsey, Emma Strickland, of Webster Groves, and Florence Hayes, of New York.

Mr. David Bixby, of Portland place, was quietly married, on Monday evening, at six o'clock, to Miss Frances Beauford McElroy, of Kirkwood. The ceremony was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, and was performed by the Rev. Dr. Sneed, of the Episcopal church. The bride had for maid of honor, Miss Alice Kendall. Mr. G. A. Robinson served Mr. Bixby as best man. After receiving the greetings of friends the bride and groom left for a tour of the Florida coast.

Miss Jennie Marmaduke and Mr. Henry Ames at last managed to steal a march upon their unsuspecting friends and were quietly married on Tuesday morning, at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Leslie Marmaduke, of 4064 Morgan street, where only the immediate relatives gathered to witness the ceremony and wish the happy couple bon voyage. There was no re-

ception, but the bride and groom, after joining in a family dinner, left for San Francisco, there to take passage for Japan and the Orient generally.

Mrs. William G. Hills entertained a few friends on Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Topping, of Jacksonville, Ill., the guest of Mrs. George A. Bayle and Mrs. W. H. Burritt, of Huntsville, Alabama, who, as Mrs. James T. Drummond, was a well known resident here for many years. The progressive euchre prizes were won by Mrs. Charles L. Moss, Mrs. Charles Hills and Mrs. George T. Riddle. Among the guests were Mrs. S. E. Adams, Mrs. Charles R. Blake, Mrs. Paul Brown, Mrs. R. B. Lyle, Mrs. Moses E. Forbes, Mrs. Truman P. Riddle, Mrs. Geo. A. Bayle, Mrs. George H. Morgan, Mrs. Silas Wright, Mrs. E. C. Chamberlin, Mrs. W. H. Hazard, Mrs. Harry Wagoner, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft.

Mrs. James W. Lee entertained Gov. and Mrs. Dockery informally at dinner on Monday evening, before the D. O. C. Ball, for which they were in the city. The ball proved a brilliant success and the grand march was headed by the Governor and his wife. Senator and Mrs. Heather and their sister, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cook and the Misses Cook and the Misses Marshall, daughters of Senator John Marshall, were among the notables present. A party from Jefferson City, consisted of Gov. and Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Harry Edwards, Miss Celeste Price and Messrs. Stalkopp and Diehl were also present.

The marriage of Miss Fannie Graves Bartle and Mr. William Crawford Steer, was one of the handsome events of Monday evening. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. M. Bartle, of 4302 West Pine boulevard, before a few near relatives and intimate friends. Dr. Frank W. Sneed, of the Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church, officiated. There were only two attendants, a best man and matron of honor, whose duties were fulfilled by Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Crawford. The bride entered to the Lohengrin bridal music, with her mother, preceded by Mrs. Crawford. Mr. and Mrs. Steer, after the bridal tour, will have at home days with Mrs. Bartle on Fridays in April.

The most interesting event of Tuesday was the marriage of Miss Leonora Montgomerie Clague and Dr. Otho Fisher Ball, which took place at six o'clock, at the Church of the Ascension, on Good-fellow avenue, between Cates and Cabanne avenues. Rev. Dr. Short officiated, assisted by Dr. Winchester, the pastor of the church. Dr. Ball's best man was Mr. Howard Black. The groomsmen were: Messrs. Martin Seward, Shepard Bryan and Ferdinand Schwerdtman. Miss Clague's maid of honor was Miss Virginia Sanford. The other maids were: Miss Julie Cabanne and Mildred Bell. Miss Overstolz was to have been of the party, but was prevented from participating by the recent death of a relative. The bride was given away by her father, Col. J. J. Clague, in full dress U. S. Army uniform. There was a small reception for relatives and friends at 5345 Vernon avenue, before the departure of the newly wedded pair on their wedding tour. Upon their return they will live at 411 North Newstead avenue, being at home on the first and third Fridays in April.

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BEN TROVATO.

Not long ago an exhibition of historical portraits was held in London for the aid of some charity. These portraits were, of course, of fabulous value, and the collection was jealously guarded by detectives. Toward the end of the exhibition one of these detectives went to a member of the committee, begged his pardon, but desired to know if he might ask about one of the pictures. He was told, of course, that he might; and so, begging pardon again, he desired to know "who was the female" in a picture he pointed out. "Why do you ask?" his listener inquired, interested and amused. "Because, sir," said the detective, "that female is what we would call, in Scotland Yard, 'a high class criminal.'" The portrait was of Mary, queen of Scots.

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AMERICAN DECORATIONS.

Douglas Story, a Britisher who is visiting America for the first time, says that, despite our constant expressions of contempt for foreign titles, he has found more class distinction here than in Britain and a pride in pedigree which is rapidly becoming a passion. Referring to the recent Vanderbilt-French wedding, he says: "All around me I found an adulation of the happy pair no self-respecting Briton, German, or Frenchman would yield the noblest of his nation. There was a wider practical gulf between those who pored over the details of the trousseau in the newspapers and the bridal pair than between a Highland cottager and the queen, or an Inverary milk-maid and the Duke of Argyll. The law calls all Americans equal, but greenbacks and the exigencies of society have long since set the classes on terraces as definite and as accurately ranged as in the oldest peerage of monarchical Europe. Here in Washington there is a constant battle of precedence, and in the few days I have rested here more than one important engagement has been fought and won. There are more titles here than in a German *statthalter's* suite. In every button-hole is a button indicative of the wearer's right to be called a Son of the Revolution, an officer of the Legion of Honor, a Knight of Pythias, and heaven knows what besides. Last year, on the South African *veldt*, I ran across one or two American correspondents whose breasts were barred with ribbons. I looked and marvelled, and my astonishment was not lessened when I learned these denoted that the correspondents' ancestors had fought in the Civil War or in the War of the Revolution—my democratic *confrères* wearing the badge of a hereditary nobility! For what are our patents of nobility but the indication that in the more distant past a Douglas or a Campbell or a Churchill fought valiantly for king and country? Scotsman though I am, I find more careful genealogies preserved here in America than in my native land. To the stranger the American affects to despise these things, but among his own people he yields nothing of the privileges of his position, be it derived from money, from family history, or from accidental prominence. I find my quarter is as efficient to

tone down the bluff camaraderie of the servant class here as my shilling was at home. There can be no great lasting power about an equality that yields so readily to the soft persuasion of a coin."

Fine stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

When a Glasgow servant-girl appeared the other day with her head wrapped up in a shawl, her young mistress asked her what ailed her, and was told that she was suffering from a bad attack of toothache, brought on by sitting in the park. "But you ought not to sit on such a cold, chilly night as this," said the mistress; "you should walk at a smart pace." The girl looked at her a minute, as though pitying her ignorance, and then answered: "you can not coort right walking; you must sit doon."

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.

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## THE WAY OF IT.

"How is it," asked the Débutante of the Successful Married Woman, as they sat in the conservatory for a little while between dances, "that you are such a success? You're not so very—" She flushed and paused, uncertain of her words.

The Successful Married Woman nodded her head with a good-humored smile, and took up her sentence. "No, I'm 'not so very pretty,' " she admitted. "Wasn't that what you were going to say?"

The Débutante, cornered, took refuge in candor, and nodded in reply; and then went on, in a hesitating way: "And you're not at all—at all—"

The other frowned and answered quickly, with a considerable accession of dignity, "Quite so! I'm not in the least, and have no ambition to be. A fast woman is my abomination!"

"Then what is it?" demanded the Débutante frankly and a trifle impatiently.

"My dear," was the solemn answer, "it's the men!"

"Oh, I know that," even more impatiently. "But *what* is it? *how* is it? You must study men and their ways all the time to be such a past-master in the art of fascination."

"Pouf! There's where you're mistaken. I don't study the men at all." She paused, and then continued, in quite another tone and much more seriously: "Little girl, I don't know that it is precisely a good lesson to teach a bud, but it may save you a heart-ache some day, and you'll have enough sight better time besides. Have you noticed that most of my ardent admirers are married men?"

The Débutante nodded.

"Well, that's because I study their wives, and—"

"And imitate them," interrupted the Débutante, excitedly. "Of course! how clever."

"Nothing of the sort!" interrupted the other sharply. "Child! child learn from this moment that the beginning and the ending of a man's likes is variety, and that sameness is his abhorrence. 'Imitate them,' indeed, I do just the opposite thing!"

The Débutante gasped mentally at this revelation, but made no comment.

"I take it for granted," continued her mentor more quietly, "that when a man may have the privilege of conversing with the wife of his bosom every day in the week, some other kind of a woman will please him better during the hours he gives up to mixing with his fellows. If I find a wife who is studious and solemn, then I'm as frivolous as a butterfly. If I come across a wife of the butterfly variety, Solomon would have appeared an ignoramus beside me. If the wife is fast and flirtatious, then I'm the demure mouse. Consequently I'm good friends with all and attractive to all kinds of men. It's very easy, you see."

"Ye—yes, I see," assented the Débutante, rather dubiously. "But—but—"

"But what?" demanded the Successful Married Woman, abruptly, for an especial admirer was coming through the door of the ball-room.

"What about your *own* husband?" blurted the Débutante, taking a firm grip of her courage, but fearing a rebuff for such a personal question.

"My husband! Oh, he wants variety, like all the rest. I stopped trying to please him long ago. As a consequence, whereas he merely loved me to distraction when he married me, he now adores me; and he gets enough variety at home to keep him out of mischief, which is another good point to remember." Then she settled herself to be demure, for the especial admirer was blessed with a wife of decidedly fast tendencies.

And the Débutante reflected.—*February Lippincott's Magazine.*

## REDUCED RATES TO PACIFIC COAST

On February 12th, and each Tuesday thereafter during February, March and April, the Union Pacific Railroad will make special low rates to points in Oregon, Washington and California, including Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, etc., For further particulars address, F. L. Hastedt, Chief Clerk, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

## CHARACTER IN COLOR.

The color a woman is addicted to in her gown explains her principal peculiarity, according to Miss Madeleine Bruguere, who lectured at Delmonico's to the Eclectic club.

"Tell your favorite color and you will tell your character," cried Miss Bruguere, and the women at once looked down apprehensively at their multi-colored garments, fearful that revelations of their inmost thoughts were to be made.

Miss Bruguere was not telling the club members their fortunes. She was merely addressing them on "Complimentary Colors." She impressed on them the vital importance of pink chiffon hats in the determining of destiny and pointed out the subtle, soul-like qualities of purple and violet shades.

She even hinted that a merely platonic affair might be turned into the channels of true romance by the simple wearing of the proper color at the proper time by the woman in the case.

"These complimentary colors influence many an event in a woman's life," said Miss Bruguere. "What man does not recall the color that the woman he loves wore when he first fell in love with her? He may have known her well and seen her often, but never until he saw her mentally and physically 'complete' had he felt her poignant influence."

Every wise woman, therefore, should determine exactly her complimentary color and make it a sort of fetish. She should always have a bit of it with her when she wishes to appear her best and to make the deepest impression. Forbearing to look into the hearts of her hearers, the speaker proceeded:

"The personal influence of color is a potent factor in human existence. To every one there is a certain color that appeals most forcibly, bringing a soothing sense of well being to the spirit wherever it meets the gaze. If you love pink your mood is brightened by a pink draped room or by passing a window full of pink chiffon hats.

"The cheering influence of this color is great to tender and sympathetic temperaments, and they, of all persons, need to view life through rose-colored spectacles.

"Green is the color of opening spring and is therefore the fit symbol of the eternity of

hope. Yellow typifies vigorous vitality and a love of light and life. Just as yellow hangings will brighten a dark room, so the sunlight color often brings light in dark moments to the spirit.

"Blue is the color of constancy and truth. When it verges on the green or turquoise shades it indicates a tinge of jealousy and a tendency to domination.

"Violet and orchid tints tend to the poetical temperaments. The ethical delicacy of these colors coincide with the subtle conception of the soul, and these tints range from the purple of passion to the gentle gray of melancholy."

The address was greatly applauded, and each member resolved, as she went away, not to appear in turquoise at the club's next concert at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

## LADIES' TAILORING!

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SCOTT & COOPER MANUFACTURING CO.,  
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Two drops of blood from the body of Abraham Lincoln were given to the Kansas State Historical Society a few days ago by T. D. Bancroft, of Kansas City, Kan. Mr. Bancroft was in Ford's Theatre on the night of the assassination, and saw the President shot. Blood from the President spattered some theatre programmes, and Mr. Bancroft secured one of them. The blood-stains are brown and faded, like old ink, but are perfectly plain, and one may see on the paper little sprays of the blood that broke from the large drops and stained the paper.

A WEAKLING CHAP: She—"You're getting tired of kissing me already." He—"What makes you think that?" She—"I saw you stop to take breath."—*Bazar.*

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Oyster and Restaurant Co.

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Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.  
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street  
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

## REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[From "Under the Old Elm," read at Cambridge, on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, July 3, 1775.]

Beneath our consecrated elm  
A century ago he stood,  
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood  
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm  
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn  
helm:—

From colleges, where now the gown  
To arms had yielded, from the town,  
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see  
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.  
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall  
Long trained, in murder-brooding forests lone,  
To bridle others' clamors and his own,  
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,  
The incarnate discipline that was to free  
With iron curb that armed democracy. . .

Musing beneath the legendary tree,  
The years between furl off; I seem to see  
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage  
through,

Dapple with gold his soberbuff and blue  
An a weave prophetic aureoles round the head  
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with  
the dead.

O man of silent mood,  
A stranger among strangers then.  
How art thou since renowned the Great, the  
Good,

Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!  
The winged years, that winnow praise and  
blame—

Blow many names out: they but fan to flame  
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame. . .

What figure more immovably august  
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure;  
Calm in good fortune; when it wavered, sure;  
That mind serene, impenetrably just,  
Modeled on classic lines so simple they endure?  
That soul so softly radiant and so white  
The track it left seems less of fire than light,  
Cold but to such as love distemperance?  
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force  
That drives rejoicing planets on their course.  
Why for his power benign seek an impurer  
source?

His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,  
Domestically bright,  
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,  
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,  
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.  
Passionless, say you? What is passion for  
But to sublime our natures and control,  
To front heroic toils with late return,  
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?  
That fire was fed with substance of the soul  
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn,  
Unpraised of men who after bonfires run,  
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,  
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,  
With breath of popular applause or blame,  
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,  
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;  
High-poised example of great duties done  
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn  
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;  
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,  
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;  
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
Never seduced through show of present good  
By other than unsetting lights to steer  
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast  
mood

More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;  
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still  
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;  
Not honored then or now because he wooed  
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one  
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—  
Washington.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,  
That flash and darken like revolving lights,  
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait  
On the long curve of patient days and nights  
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair  
Of orb'd fulfillment; and this balanced soul,  
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare  
Of draperies theatric, standing there  
In perfect symmetry of self-control,  
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows

Still as we look, and by experience learn  
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern  
The discipline that wrought through life-long  
throes  
That energetic passion of repose.

A nature too decorous and severe,  
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,  
For ardent girls and boys  
Who find no genius in a mind so clear  
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,  
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.  
They feel no force in that calm-cadenced phrase,  
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,  
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze  
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of  
days.

His firm-based brain, to self so little kind  
That no tumultuary blood could blind,  
Formed to control men, not amaze,  
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze;  
It was a world of statelier movement then  
Than this we fret in, hea denizen  
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
Seeing how most are fugitive,  
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,  
Wind-wavered, corpse-lights, daughters of the  
fen,

The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense

In work done squarely and unwasted days.  
For this we honor him, that we could know  
How sweet the service and how free  
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,  
And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

Placid completeness, life without a fall  
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless  
wall,  
Surely if any fame can bear the touch.  
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,  
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so  
much.

—James Russell Lowell.

## TO ASCERTAIN YOUR AGE.

There is a good deal of amusement in the following magical table of figures, says the Portland (Me.) Transcript. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand the table to a young lady and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained; add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be seventeen, you will find that amount in the first and fifth columns; add the figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table.

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| 3  | 3  | 5  | 9  | 17 | 33 |
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| 9  | 10 | 12 | 12 | 20 | 36 |
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| 17 | 18 | 20 | 24 | 24 | 40 |
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| 59 | 59 | 61 | 61 | 61 | 61 |
| 61 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 |
| 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 |

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## A FRENCH FAMINE IN LACES.

France is suffering from a lace famine. Already the effects of this curious phenomenon of trade are felt in London, Berlin, Brussels and the other great cities of Europe.

The extraordinary rise in price, which has put a violent check upon the entire European lace market, and which has culminated in what is actually a lace famine, is the result of a factory strike in the French town of Calais. Not since the Franco-German war has France seen such a paralysis of the lace industry.

It is now some ten or eleven weeks since the beginning of the Calais strike. But important as it has been, the strike would perhaps never have been heard of outside of Calais if Paris shoppers had not discovered that certain exquisite and indispensable fabrics were suddenly a hundred-fold dearer in price.

Then the eyes of Europe were turned toward the manufacturing town on the channel. And it was discovered that the strike has brought about, among other calamities, a loss in wages of more than \$1,200,000 and practical ruination to most of the manufacturers.

The lace trade of Calais is a vast industry—amounting to 120 million dollars a year. Most of the manufacturers are self-made men and, in the general alarm felt among them by the blow to their work, most of them have decided to go to England to live unless the strike is soon settled.

The period of the strike has already covered the busiest portion of the year, during which the masters pay as ordinary wages between \$140,000 and \$160,000 per week.

The manufacturers have been forced to decline orders for the coming spring and these orders have been placed elsewhere, some in Holland and some in Nottingham, England, so that should work be resumed, it is believed that half-time will be resorted to until the winter is over.—N. Y. World.

## DR. DE COSTA'S GREAT LECTURE.

On Thursday evening next, 28th inst., a lecture will be delivered in Memorial Hall by Dr. Benj. F. De Costa. The lecture is entitled "America" and is given under the auspices of St. Louis University, the proceeds to go into a fund for a scholarship for worthy students unable to pay their tuition. Dr. De Costa is a man of striking personality, a fine speaker and possessed of much magnetism. It will be recalled that he resigned from the Episcopal ministry when the Rev. Dr. Briggs, the unorthodox Presbyterian minister was admitted into its priesthood and as a protest against the agnostic tendencies of Dr. Briggs' teachings. He has since joined the Catholic church, and has become one of the most distinguished of that creed's apologists and defenders. Elsewhere his lecture has attracted large and cultured audiences and doubtless St. Louis will prove no exception to this rule. The St. Louis University is strong numerically, intellectually and socially and the indications are Dr. De Costa will have had no more brilliant y interested audience than will greet him here.

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On rising—for a clear head—drink

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## MUSIC.

## WHAT THE CASTLE SQUARE HAS DONE.

The season of the Castle Square Opera Company at Music Hall, now drawing to a close, has been demonstrative of one thing in particular. It has exerted a distinctly educational effect upon the community.

The first season of the company in St. Louis (that of last year) had not proceeded very far before the repertoire contained many works the public had long wanted to hear. When these operas were put on, it was not in the hackneyed manner of traveling organizations. On the contrary, the performances partook of the character of those that might emanate from a permanent opera-house; one subsidized by the State or maintained by the steady patronage of private citizens.

It is one thing to hear the kind of opera given by itinerant companies. It is another to listen to opera produced with all that regard for detail that distinguishes artistic from haphazard endeavor.

In one short season the Castle Square Company has so far ingratiated itself with liberally-educated St. Louisans as to become in the nature of a public art-desideratum with them. It has, in a word, become a part of the art-educational apparatus of the city and drawn about it a clientele as steady as it is loyal. It has accomplished this by putting on the masterpieces of opera with the greatest liberality of treatment, both in regard to cast and scenic investiture, and at "people's prices." It has become the "people's school of opera" and numbers among its "graduates" hundreds of those who find in it the recreation, united with intellectual progress, which is, after all, the rational aim of all theatrical and operatic endeavor. The management has always been in a position to study the tastes of its patrons. It has had the acumen to anticipate those tastes at proper intervals. It has never set itself up as the arbiter of public discrimination, but whatever course it has pursued the higher plane of opera has always been kept in view. With a long list of principals, the best chorus in America, a good orchestra and the most painstaking stage-management, the product during two seasons has been of a high standard, and the profitable patronage which the company has enjoyed is a logical sequence.

Another thing for which Mr. Savage's organization deserves credit is the increased number of steady theatre-goers in this city. Instead of "muddying the waters" for the other "houses" it has clarified them.

It has been the true public benefactor in local art-matters that has caused two persons to go to the theatre where but one went before. It has put a diversion upon St. Louis entertainment that has given our pastimes the first distinctly metropolitan character.

Credit for the solid, lasting success of the venture here is also, in a large measure, due to resident manager Southwell and his assistants. The business end of the Castle Square is operated with mathematical precision and for his unvarying courtesy and tact in the "front of the house," Mr. Southwell has the good will of every patron of Music Hall. The press representative, Mr. Spamer, by his superior knowledge of the literature of the opera, his fine use of the King's English, and his unique methods, has inspired the respect and admiration of the local press and his "stuff," unlike

that of the average press agent's, is given the consideration that it merits.

The present week's performance, while lacking something of the snap and "go" of the performances during the past two weeks, is still remarkably good. "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are the combination that caught the public last year and present indications show that it will prove just as popular this season. The present production of the Gilbert and Sullivan favorite is even on a more elaborate scale than that of last season, scenically, and the chorus is larger and vocally stronger, though the girls are less attractively garbed than last year. The *Josephine* of Berri, the Gibson girl of the operatic stage, we know well as we do the *Sir Joseph* of the "only" Temple. Delamotta acted *Ralph* better than he sang him, and Bridegroom Paull sang *Corcoran* better than he acted him. Graham was altogether excellent as *Buttercup*, Mattie Southwell danced beautifully and the others will do. Liesegang was sluggish and heavy with the baton. In "Cavalleria" Sheehan and Norwood "handed it out" to the audience in chunks. They raved and tore about and fairly lifted people out of their seats by their work in the duet. There is not another tenor voice as fine as Sheehan's in America and the methods he employed in his use of it Monday, are immensely effective in a great place like Music Hall, but certainly not the best for his throat. Norwood was inclined to shriek and land above or below the tone she aimed for, but she let the audience know what she was singing about and, excepting Calve, was dramatically the most impressive *Santuzza* we have seen. Josephine Ludwig, prettier than ever, was a fine *Lola*.

Goff's make-up "queered" him. He looked like an Irish comedian and the music does not give him enough opportunity to offset, by his great voice and artistic singing, the unfavorable impression made by his ridiculous appearance. Liesegang was prompt and elastic.

The Sunday afternoon "pop" concert at the Odeon will be one of the best of the series, if one may judge from the programme. Mr. Homer Moore, St. Louis' favorite baritone, will sing three numbers, viz., "The King's Prayer," (Lohengrin), "The Gondoliers," (Meyer-Hellmund), and a trio of ballads, "Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower," (Rubinstein), "Summer Evening," (Lassen) and the "Bedouin Love Song," (Pinsuti). Mr. Alfred Robyn's organ numbers are equally choice. Altogether it is a great quarter's worth of enjoyable music.

## THE BOHEMIAN.

"A clever magazine for clever people," is the motto of *The Bohemian*, the February issue of which, its third, appears on time. The new aspirant for literary honors and profits is prettily printed in old-style type, and half illustrated with quaintly-drawn designs in keeping with its odd shape. There are no great names in its list of contributors, but the articles, nevertheless, are sprightly and more or less permeated with the Bohemianesque. [Bohemian Publishing Co., Boston. Price, 10 cents.]

Diamonds and precious stones remounted in our own factory. Designs and estimates furnished and satisfaction guaranteed. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh streets.

## The Dressing Chest for Men

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coats, vests and trousers at full length, hats, collars, cuffs, neckwear, handkerchiefs, shirts, shoes and slippers, with compartment for soiled linen.

Entirely of hardwood. Finely finished throughout.

Height, 5 feet; width, 4 feet; depth, 2 feet.

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Without Shaving Mirror \$30.00

## BOSTON WOMEN'S WALK.

Rose Field, who is now living in Boston, thus describes the walk of the women in that city: "Take a natural length of step, and just before bringing down the forward foot fancy that you are about to tread on a tumble-bug; prolong the step sufficiently to clear the venomous creature, continue the progression over a long extending line of imaginary tumble-bugs and you will give a tolerably adequate reproduction of the Boston walk. Such a gait the gentle Puritan maid may have adopted when, returning from the smiling woodland, she saw stealing up behind her the simple child of the forest with his tomahawk in hand." This leads the critical New York *Sun* to say; "This is ingenious, but surprisingly inaccurate, as an explanation. A Horatian translator like Mr. Field should have understood the Boston walk at a glance. It consists of a stride and two hops; in the language of prosody, a dactyl, a long and two shorts. On Sundays and symphony days it may be converted into a spondee."

## NO NEGROES IN CONGRESS.

There will be no colored men in the next House of Representatives. Mr. White, of North Carolina, who goes out on the 3d of March, will probably be the last of his race for many years to occupy a seat in the National Legislature. The restriction placed upon negro suffrage in the Southern States will prevent any more from being elected to either House of Congress. They are growing scarcer and scarcer in legislative bodies in the South, and bye-and-bye will have no representation there. Twenty-five years ago there were a dozen colored men on the floor of the House and two or three in the Senate. Some of them were able, upright and useful men. Bruce was the last and the best of the colored Senators, and White closes the career of the negro in the Lower House.

## A FABLE.

Once upon a time there was a Bathing Suit which was much reprehended in that it was not modest. There was likewise, at this same time, also a Violet, whose modesty was a matter of universal comment. "What is your system?" asked the Bathing Suit, accosting the Violet, "for I would fain be thought modest, too. "Why, I shrink," quoth the Violet, meaning no harm. But when the Bathing Suit shrunk in pursuance of this hint, it



Scarritt Comstock Furniture Co.

Broadway and Locust St.  
St. Louis, Mo.

was only reprehended the more, and was finally cast away as being quite impossible.

## SAID BY SARAH.

Now that the divine Sarah is coming, the story is apropos of her conversation with Lady Brassey on the occasion of a reception in London when the actress presented her son Maurice. Lady Brassey said in French:

"But, Mademoiselle, I did not know that you were married."

"I am not, and never was," Sarah replied.

"Mais, votre fils—"

"Ah! mon fils—c'était une accident d'amour."

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

## BOGUS VACCINATION SCARS.

One of the latest inventions is an imitation vaccination scar that you can paste on your arm and thus fool the health officer. The "scar" costs a dime.

Sometimes the imitation of Nature's forces on the stage surpasses the real thing. Franklyn Fyles says that once at a rehearsal of the storm scene in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," the tragedian, Edwin Forrest was asked: "How was that peal of thunder?" "Not a bit like the real thing," he replied, testily; "you must do better than that!" "Oh, we can," said the manager; "but there happens to be a thunder-storm outside, and that clap was the real thing."

Aikson—"What are you doing for your grip?" Paynes—"Nothing. My wife says it's providential I've got it. Twice since I caught it my coughing and sneezing in the middle of the night have scared burglars away from the house."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## \$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AT THE PLAY.

"SAPHO."

The second season of "Sapho" which began at the Olympic on Monday evening, seemed to afford evidence of a falling away of interest in Mr. Clyde Fitch's rendition of Daudet's novel. Perhaps the sensational advertising given to Miss Olga Nethersole by well-meaning but injudicious "unco guid" people in New York, having died out, the play is left to its merits as a play. Miss Sylvia Lynden, who has the title role during the illness of the star, plays the part conscientiously. It stands to reason that she cannot fill the part with that fervor which is given it by the actress who has made the peculiar phases of character of sinning and sinned against women a special study. So to those who have not seen the Bernhardt in "Camille," the assumption of the character of that famous *demi-mondaine* by any other fairly good actress will be sufficient. Of "Sapho" as a play all that need be said has been said in these columns. The company now at the Olympic is a good one and the equipment is of the best character.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

An evening at the Century this week is one spent in the company of the bright wits and writers cotemporary with Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Sam Johnson, Boswell, Edmund Burke, David Garrick, etc. It is an ambrosial evening in which the audience is transported back to the days which were made illustrious by those great men. The average theater-goer may miss the noise and fustian of theatrical mechanics, and the clatter and dash of the romantic drama. In place of these he is given the idyl of "Oliver Goldsmith," the poet and dramatist, in a play of three acts. In these are portrayed some of the quaint features of this talented man. Mr. Stuart Robson as *Oliver Goldsmith* presents a most satisfactory characterization of the brilliant author, of whom a contemporary said, "He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." It is in the shadows as much as in the sunlight of the poet's life that the play deals. The stage of Covent Garden Theatre, Mr. Featherstone's mansion, and Goldsmith's garret in Pinch Lane, are the scenes in which the hero plays his part of smiles and tears. It betokens careful study on the actor's part, that he is enabled to show the man as he lived, to make an approximation of a character so thoroughly known by all students of English classic literature. And herein lies the charm of this play in which the author, Mr. Augustus Thomas, has entered, for him, a new and worthier field. Mr. Robson is ably supported. The burly, brusque *Dr. Johnson*, of Mr. H. A. Weaver, Sr., is a clever presentation of one's idea of the lexicographer. Those who believe that *Boswell* was almost, if not quite, as great a man as his idol will find him fairly represented by Mr. Beaumont Smith, while the *David Garrick* of Mr. John Henshaw, is decidedly good. Miss Maude White is as attractive as the heroine, *Mary Horneck*. Other characters—there are a score or more,—are all adequately placed, the scenery, mounting and costuming leaving nothing to be desired. The presentation last evening of the beautiful old comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," came as a benison to admirers of that gem of dramatic literature, with Mr. Robson as *Tony Lumpkin*. The MIRROR, unfortunately, goes to press before Mr. Robson's appearance, and can only say

that his, and his company's revival of the old comedy is well spoken of by critics elsewhere. J. I. C.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

From Gilbert and Sullivan, and Mascagni's amusing musical comedies, Manager Southwell's corps of artists will turn next week to a more serious opera. Gounod's "Faust" will be given at Music Hall for the week commencing Monday, Feb. 25. Its performance will prove once more that the principals, chorus and orchestra of the Castle Square Company are quite equal to the rendition of grand opera, that their talent does not merely lie in comic opera. As nearly every musical person knows "Faust" it follows that there will be a large attendance next week for no one can thoroughly enjoy an opera until he is more or less familiar with it. The performance will bring out all the "stars" of the company. In the title role, Messrs. Joseph F. Sheehan and Miro Delamotta will alternate; Messrs. William Paull and Winfred Goff, as *Valentine*; Messrs. William H. Clarke and Francis J. Boyle, *Mephistopheles*; *Wagner*, James P. Coombs, Miss Gertrude Rennyson and Josephine Ludwig will alternate as *Marguerite*; Miss Frances Graham, *Siebel*, and Miss Maud Lambert, as *Martha*.

On Sunday evening, 24th inst., Mr. James O'Neill will commence a season of one week in Liebler & Co's production of "Monte Cristo." Mr. O'Neill has played Dumas' famous character so long that the great American public will accept no other interpretation of it. A year ago the favorite drama was entirely recast, furnished with all modern accessories and is now, it is claimed, more attractive than ever before. The star is assisted by such well known stage people as Fred de Belleville, Thurlow Bergen, Howell Hansel, Robert P. Gibbs, Selene Johnson, Annie Ward Tiffany, Warren Conlan, etc.

"The Sign of the Cross" at the Olympic next week. This will be its fifth time here. Each visit has been more successful than those preceding. The play appeals powerfully to the taste of those unjaded by dramatic convention. It is the play of the people who go to the theater once a year. It threatens to be immortal in spite of the wise men who have critically slashed it, and it is one of those stand-bys that always help out a season's receipts. Charles Dalton is still the hero. Lillie Thurlow is the spirituelle Christian martyr. Maude Warriow plays the boy martyr. Others in the cast are: W. E. Bouney, T. A. Shnnnon, Courtland Auburn, Henry N. Wenman, Harold West, Harry Child, H. T. Harris, E. de Corsia, Molita Brive, Agnes Scott, Mignon Shattinger, Rita Trekel and Bessie Toner.

FATHER OF SKY-SCRAPERS.

An untimely end to a remarkable career came with the death, recently, in Chicago, of George A. Fuller, at the early age of forty-nine. Within less than twenty years he had invented and demonstrated the practicability of an entirely new method of constructing great buildings. His was the imagination which conceived the idea of a towering building, running up fifteen or twenty stories, and supported by a skeleton of steel beams and girders. He was the father of the steel-skeleton sky-scraper, and the first building of that kind ever built in the world still stands in Chicago, as a monument to his skill and daring. Modern sky-scrappers are not things of beauty, but they have a certain impressiveness due to their great size, and they admirably serve the purposes for which they are designed. They mark a radical and epoch-making departure and innovation in architectural and constructive methods, and to that extent they represent the work of a great creative imagination. Mr. Fuller was more than a mere builder. He began as an architect, and he had fine artistic taste. He was the poet or the romancer of steel beams. The flight of fancy which first imagined a cobweb structure of thin steel girders, towering up two hundred and fifty feet into the air without the support of heavy stone walls, was more daring than can be realized by most

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observers. Structures built upon his plan are now common in all cities of this country, and are not unknown in Europe.

\*\*\*

ASTONISHING.

The young matron whose husband is a confirmed and inveterate user of slang and who, from association, has involuntarily fallen into his methods of speech, was attending a somewhat formal luncheon given by a woman friend, at which were present a number of visiting women from Boston and other Massachusetts cities. The hostess mentioned a legacy which had lately been left to a pretentious, socially ambitious, but impecunious woman friend, who was not present at the luncheon, but who was well known to all of the Washington woman present.

"It was quite a windfall," said the hostess. "I understand that the amount bequeathed to her by her uncle was something like \$30,000."

"What in, milk tickets or rain checks?" incredulously inquired the young matron whose husband is a slangist, and then her countenance suddenly went red enough to match her cerise silk waist, and the visiting women from Massachusetts stared at her as perhaps Emerson would have stared at

"Chuck" Conners had they ever met, while the hostess, with a reassuring smile of sympathy for the unfortunate wife of the hurler of the pave patois, hastened to change the subject.—*Washington Post*.

\*\*\*

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euche prizes, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Building, Seventh and Locust streets.

\*\*\*

ON HER GOOD BEHAVIOR.

The late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was once taking tea with some friends who were the parents of a little girl of five years old. The child was cautioned as to behavior at table, on account of a "minister" being present. The little one was seated next the reverend gentleman, and during the meal was much troubled because the butter happened to be placed right in front of him. She wanted some butter for her bread, and did not like to ask him for it. She waited some time, and then very solemnly said, "For Christ's sake, please, pass the butter?" It is said that the reverend gentleman found it very convenient to drop his table napkin at that moment.

\*\*\*

Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

Prices in Wall Street are once more displaying a drooping tendency. Compared with a week ago, quotations are from 2 to 7 points lower, and some stocks are woefully lacking in support. The bull cliques have unquestionably succeeded in unloading a large portion of holdings acquired last summer. They are still proclaiming their faith in another upward movement in the near future, but the public is not as responsive as it used to be, up to about a month ago. The speculative communities well remember the grievous experience they had in 1899, and cautious people are disposed to go slow, and to buy very sparingly at the prevailing level of quotations. While there is nothing in sight, at this writing, to cause any serious break in values for railroad stocks, the fact is recognized that there is little short interest in existence and that, for this very reason, the position of the general market is not very strong. The bulls would be more aggressive and hopeful, if they knew that the bears had been selling for short account in the leading stocks, and thus furnished a basis on which a further advance could be engineered. Everybody has been buying stocks in the last few months, and the Wall Street cliques have been "feeding them out." Would-be buyers should bear this in mind.

Judging by the latest news, the big steel combine is nearing completion. Contrary to expectations, however, the consolidation talk failed to stimulate prices; it had a distinctly weakening effect and led to quite heavy liquidation in various directions. The impression is strong that the organization of the huge steel trust will prove a severe strain on monetary resources and result in an advance in interest-rates. The steady reduction in New York bank reserves and the unprecedented expansion in loans are viewed with apprehension in conservative quarters. The loan item has now risen to more than \$1,000,000,000, the highest on record, and the reserves been brought down to little more than \$12,000,000. It is known that the month of March is, as a rule, one of small surplus reserves, and a further impairment of resources may be expected. Last year, the surplus reserves fell from \$20,000,000 to about \$3,000,000 by the middle of March. The preparations for the floating of the steel combine will compel the banks to call in some of their outstanding call-loans, and the forced liquidation will undoubtedly lead to sharp declines in inflated issues.

A strange feature of late has been the persistent strength of the preferred shares of the various metal concerns, in the face of a rapid decline and heavy selling in the common shares. American Steel & Wire preferred, for instance, rose from 91 to 97½, while the common receded from 53 to 49. This anomalous state of affairs is explained on the theory that the holders of preferred stocks will receive great benefits from the consolidation, at the expense of holders of the common. Federal Steel common dropped to almost 48 and National Steel common to 43½. Colorado Fuel & Iron issues were affected by news of a strike. National Tube common displayed great weakness, losing about 7 points on heavy selling by disappointed and suspicious holders.

The sharp advance in Burlington seems to have been due to manipulation, on rumors of a deal with the Union Pacific. The stock gained about 8 points, but at 146, liquidation was very much in evidence and the clique found some difficulty in absorbing all the

stock hurled at it. Burlington is a 6 per cent. dividend-payer, and certainly not dear, compared with St. Paul common, which pays only 5 per cent., and is quoted at 150. However, only about four months ago, Burlington sold at only 125, and there is no special reason why investors or speculators should climb over each other in their efforts to buy the shares, after a rise of more than 20 points.

Illinois Central should be a more tempting proposition at 131. This stock is now on a 6 per cent. basis, and earning at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum. The dividend-record of the Illinois Central is certainly a most encouraging one. Even in the years of the panic, the stock paid its regular dividend of 1¼ per cent., and since the rate has been advanced to 6 per cent. per annum, the buying has been of gilt-edged character and strongly suggestive of a material rise before a great while. The earning capacity of the Illinois Central is much superior to that of the Burlington, and people looking for a reasonably safe investment will make no mistake in buying Illinois Central shares and locking them up in their tin boxes.

Brooklyn Rapid Transit seems to be on the down-grade. The various specious rumors, which agitated speculators for some time, and which had been put forth for manipulative purposes, have vanished, and the wise guys who bought the stock at 85 on promises of 100 and 125 are vainly trying to get out of the hole. Manhattan is better supported, but unable to maintain a position above 119. It is now said that the electrical equipment of the road will not be perfected till next fall. In case of a good decline in this stock, it might be well to buy it, and protect holdings with a stiff margin. Manhattan will sell at much higher prices before December 31st, 1901. The earnings of the company are making better showings, and an increase in the dividend does not appear to be very far off.

Atchison common touched 58 a few days ago. The stock has many and powerful friends, who are confident that a dividend of at least 3 per cent will be paid on it by July next. Speculative activity seems to have drifted from the preferred into the common, and, for this reason, purchases of the common will probably prove more remunerative hereafter. Intrinsically, the preferred is too low at 88 or 89, as a 5 per cent dividend-payer. Holders are willing to be patient and have not given up hopes that the stock will eventually cross 100. Compared with Rock Island, Lake Erie & Western preferred, Louisville & Nashville and Chicago & Eastern Illinois common, Atchison preferred looks like an attractive purchase for investment, as the 5 per cent dividend seems to be well assured for years to come, in view of the 6 per cent that is now being earned on the common.

A few weeks ago, attention was called in the MIRROR to Delaware & Hudson, when it sold at 149 and 150, and it was pointed out that a 7 per cent dividend-paying stock should sell at a higher figure. After lying dormant for sometime, the shares gained more than 23 points in three days, and are now quoted at about 170. Rumors are current that the New York Central is trying to get control of the property, but the stock is worth 175 on its merits alone. The harmonious relations now existing between all anthracite coal properties should establish a higher range of values for Delaware & Hudson, Del., L. & Western, Reading, Ontario & Western, Erie and Baltimore & Ohio issues. Reading second preferred and

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common are especially well thought of; people who know what they are talking about predict 60 and 40 for them, respectively. Don't forget that the Jersey Central is now owned by the Reading.

Tennessee Coal & Iron took one of its old-fashioned tumbles a few days ago. It lost over five points within ten minutes, and well-informed traders should not be surprised to see it go still lower. As a non-dividend-payer, it is dear at anything above 45. The stock seems to be completely under the control of the professional element; the public takes no interest in it, and will neither buy nor sell it, for very legitimate reasons.

Wabash "B" debenture bonds and shares suffered quite a sharp decline, the preferred dropping to 29, the common to 16½, and the bonds to 51¾. All the Gould stocks reflected selling pressure, Missouri Pacific receding to 85, Texas & Pacific to 26¼, and St. Louis Southwestern preferred to 55¼, the common to 25. On any further reaction,

St. Louis Southwestern preferred and common should be picked up without hesitation.

## LOCAL SECURITIES.

Bank and Trust Company shares have been quiet and somewhat neglected in the past week. Attention seemed to be concentrated upon street railway and Missouri-Edison bonds and stock. St. Louis Transit is still quoted at 25¼ and 25½, and its friends expect 30 for it in the near future. United Railways preferred is hanging around 78, while the general mortgage 4s are salable at 91. The passage of the World's Fair bill in the Lower House of Congress has aroused more interest in local issues, but investors are, apparently, waiting for a little set-back.

Missouri-Edison common is steady at 19 and 19¼; it sold at 19¾ a few days ago. The bonds are quoted at 96¾, and the pre-

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## CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

|                    | Coup. | When Due.     | Quoted   |
|--------------------|-------|---------------|----------|
| Gas Co. " 4        | J. D. | June 1, 1905  | 102 -104 |
| Park " 6           | A. O. | April 1, 1905 | 111 -113 |
| Property (Cur.) 6  | A. O. | Apr 10, 1906  | 111 -113 |
| Renewal (Gld) 3.65 | J. D. | Jun 25, 1907  | 103 -104 |
| " " 4              | A. O. | Apr 10, 1908  | 105 -107 |
| " " 3 1/2          | J. D. | Dec. 1, 1909  | 102 -103 |
| " " 4              | J. J. | July 1, 1912  | 112 -113 |
| " " 3 1/2          | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1919  | 104 -106 |
| " " 3 1/2          | M. S. | June 2, 1920  | 104 -106 |
| " St'r'g. 100 4    | M. N. | Nov. 2, 1911  | 107 -109 |
| " (Gld) 4          | M. N. | Nov. 1, 1912  | 108 -109 |
| " " 4              | A. O. | Oct. 1, 1913  | 108 -110 |
| " " 4              | J. D. | June 1, 1914  | 109 -110 |
| " " 3.65           | M. N. | May 1, 1915   | 104 -106 |
| " " 3 1/2          | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1918  | 104 -105 |

Interest to seller.  
Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521,650

## ST. JOSEPH, MO.

|           |       |              |          |
|-----------|-------|--------------|----------|
| Funding 4 | F. A. | Feb. 1, 1901 | 100 -101 |
| " 6       | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1903 | 104 -106 |
| School 5  | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1908 | 100 -102 |
| " 4       | A. J. | Apr 1, 1912  | 102 -103 |
| " 4 5-20  | M. S. | Mar. 1, 1918 | 102 -103 |
| " 4 10-20 | M. S. | Mar. 1, 1918 | 102 -103 |
| " 4 15-20 | M. S. | Mar. 1, 1918 | 102 -103 |
| " 4       | M. S. | Mar. 1, 1918 | 102 -103 |

## MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

|                                | When Due. | Price.       |
|--------------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| Alton Bridge 5s                | 1913      | 70 -80       |
| Carondelet Gas 6s              | 1902      | 100 -102     |
| Century Building 1st 6s        | 1916      | 97 -100      |
| Century Building 2d 6s         | 1917      | 97 -100      |
| Commercial Building 1st        | 1907      | 101 -103     |
| Consolidated Coal 6s           | 1911      | 90 -95       |
| Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10  | 1904      | 99 -101      |
| Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mrtg.  | 1928      | 95 -99       |
| Laclede Gas 1st 5s             | 1919      | 107 -108     |
| Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s  | 1929      | 115 -115 1/2 |
| Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s   | 1930      | 113 -115     |
| Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s         | 1921      | 117 -119     |
| Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s   | 1927      | 96 -96 1/2   |
| St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s | 1906      | 100 -102     |
| St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s     | 1914      | 101 1/2 -102 |
| St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s       | 1910      | 80 -85       |
| St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s    | 1912      | 90 -95       |
| Union Stock Yards 1st 6s       | 1899      | Called       |
| Union Dairy 1st 5s             | 1901      | 100 -102     |
| Union Trust Building 1st 6s    | 1913      | 98 -101      |
| Union Trust Building 2d 6s     | 1908      | 75 -80       |

## BANK STOCKS.

|                    | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.   |
|--------------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|
| American Exch.     | \$50     | Dec. '00, 8 SA          | 220 -221 |
| Boatmen's          | 100      | Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA      | 195 -200 |
| Bremen Sav.        | 100      | Jan. 1900 6 SA          | 140 -150 |
| Continental        | 100      | Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA      | 180 -181 |
| Fourth National    | 100      | Nov. '00, 5 p.c. SA     | 230 -240 |
| Franklin           | 100      | Dec. '00, 4 SA          | 165 -175 |
| German Savings     | 100      | Jan. 1900, 6 SA         | 275 -285 |
| German-Amer.       | 100      | Jan. 1900, 20 SA        | 750 -800 |
| International      | 100      | Dec. 1900 1 1/2 qy      | 130 -132 |
| Jefferson          | 100      | Jan. 00, 3 p.c. SA      | 100 -110 |
| Lafayette          | 100      | Jan. 1900, 6 SA         | 400 -600 |
| Mechanics          | 100      | Jan. 1901, 2 qy         | 214 -216 |
| Merch.-Laclede     | 100      | Dec. 1903, 1 1/2 qy     | 178 -180 |
| Northwestern       | 100      | Jan. 1900, 4 SA         | 130 -150 |
| Nat. Bank Com.     | 100      | Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy     | 268 -270 |
| South Side         | 100      | Nov. 1900, 8 SA         | 119 -122 |
| Safe Dep. Sav. Bk. | 100      | Oct. 1900, 8 SA         | 135 -137 |
| Southern com.      | 100      | Jan. 1900, 8 SA         | 90 -100  |
| State National     | 100      | Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy      | 162 -165 |
| Third National     | 100      | Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy     | 168 -170 |

\*Quoted 100 for par.

## TRUST STOCKS.

|            | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.   |
|------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|
| Lincoln    | 100      | Dec. '00, S.A. 3        | 174 -176 |
| Miss. Va.  | 100      | Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy      | 338 -380 |
| St. Louis  | 100      | Oct. 00, 1 1/2 qy       | 280 -285 |
| Union      | 100      | Nov. '00, 1 1/2         | 290 -295 |
| Mercantile | 100      | Oct. '00 Mo 75c         | 285 -290 |

## STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

|                        | Coupons.       | Price.                |
|------------------------|----------------|-----------------------|
| Cass Av. & F. G.       |                |                       |
| 10-20s 5s              | J. & J.        | 1912 102 1/2 -103 1/2 |
| Citizens' 20s 6s       | J. & J.        | 1907 110 -111         |
| Jefferson Ave.         | Dec. '88       |                       |
| 10s 5s                 | M. & N. 2      | 1905 105 -107         |
| Lindell 20s 5s         | F. & A.        | 1911 107 -108         |
| Comp. Heights U.D. 6s  | J. & J.        | 1913 117 -118 1/2     |
| do Taylor Ave. 6s      | J. & J.        | 1913 117 -118 1/2     |
| Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s    | M. & N.        | 1896 105 -106         |
| People's               | Dec. '89 50c   |                       |
| do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s     | J. & D.        | 1912 98 -103          |
| do 2d Mtg. 7s          | M. & N.        | 1902 98 -103          |
| St. L. & R. St. L.     | Monthly 2p     | 100 -101              |
| do 1st 6s              | J. & J.        | 1925 103 -107         |
| St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s | M. & N.        | 1910 100 -101         |
| do Baden-St. L. 5s     | J. & J.        | 1913 100 -102         |
| St. L. & Sub.          |                | 94 -95                |
| do Con. 5s             | F. & A.        | 1921 105 -105 1/2     |
| do Cable & Wt. 6s      | M. & N.        | 1914 117 -120         |
| do Merimac Rv. 6s      | M. & N.        | 1916 116 1/2 -116 3/4 |
| do Incomes 5s          |                | 1914 9 1/2 -95        |
| Southern 1st 6s        | M. & N.        | 1904 104 -106         |
| do 2d 25s 6s           |                | 1909 106 -118         |
| do Gen. Mtg. 5s        | F. & A.        | 1916 107 -108         |
| U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s    | J. & D.        | 1910 100 -102         |
| do 2d 25s 6s           | J. & D.        | 1918 122 -128         |
| Mound City 10-20s 6s   | J. & J.        | 1910 111 -103         |
| United Ry's Pfd.       | Jan. '00 1 1/2 | 78 -78 1/2            |
| " " 4 p.c. 50s         | J & J          | 90 1/2 -91            |
| St. Louis Transit      |                | 25 -25 1/2            |

## INSURANCE STOCKS.

|                | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.     |
|----------------|----------|-------------------------|------------|
| American Cent. | 20       | Jan. 1900 4 SA          | 50 -50 1/2 |

## MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

|                     | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.         |
|---------------------|----------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Am. Lin Oil Com.    | 100      |                         | 7 -7           |
| " Pfd.              | 100      | Sept. 1900 1 1/2        | 35 -36         |
| Am. Car. Fdry Co    | 100      | Jan. 1900 1/2           | 20 -21         |
| " Pfd               | 100      | Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy      | 70 -72         |
| Bell Telephone      | 100      | July 1900 2 qy          | 140 -145       |
| Bonne Terre F. C    | 100      | May '96, 2              | 3 -4           |
| Central Lead Co.    | 100      | Mar. 1900, MO           | 128 -132       |
| Consol. Coal        | 100      | July, '97, 1            | 9 -11          |
| Doe Run Min. Co     | 10       | Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO       | 125 -135       |
| Granite Bt. Metal   | 100      |                         | 260 -270       |
| Hydraulic P. B. Co  | 100      | May 1900, 1 qy          | 85 -90         |
| K. & T. Coal Co.    | 100      | Feb. '99, 1             | 10 -14         |
| Kennard Com.        | 100      | Feb. 1900 A. 10         | 103 -107       |
| Kennard Pfd.        | 100      | Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2      | 100 -104       |
| Laclede Gas, com    | 100      | Sept. 1900 2 SA         | 75 -76         |
| Laclede Gas, pf.    | 100      | June '99 SA             | 56 1/2 -57 1/2 |
| Mo. Edison Pfd.     | 100      |                         | 18 1/2 -19     |
| Mo. Edison com.     | 100      |                         | 100 -105       |
| Nat. Stock Yards    | 100      | July '00 1 1/2 qy       | 180 -200       |
| Schultz Belting     | 100      | July 00, qy 1 1/2       | 175 -180       |
| Simmons Hdwy Co     | 100      | Feb., 1900, 8 A         | 145 -151       |
| Simmons do pf.      | 100      | Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA    | 137 -147       |
| Simmons do 2 pf.    | 100      | Sept. 1900              | 14 -15         |
| St. Joseph L. Co.   | 10       | Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy      | 47 -48 1/2     |
| St. L. Brew Pfd.    | 10       | Jan., '00, 4 p. c.      | 2 -4           |
| St. L. Brew Com.    | 10       | Jan., '98, 3 p. c.      | 30 -34         |
| St. L. Cret. Comp   | 100      | Sept., '94, 4           | 2 -3           |
| St. L. Exposit'n    | 100      | Dec., '96, 2            | 64 -69         |
| St. L. Transfer Co. | 100      | July 1900, 1 qy         | 110 -115       |
| Union Dairy         | 100      | Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA     | 220 -230       |
| Wiggins Fer. Co.    | 100      | July '00, qy            | 182 -184       |
| Westhaus Brake      | 50       | Sept 1900, 7 1/2        |                |

ferred stock, after rising to 59 1/2, has dropped back again to 56 bid.

Fourth National has been a strong feature, the stock now being 232 bid and 238 1/2 asked; Third National is salable at 169. Lincoln Trust is a little weaker, now selling at 176, while Boatmen's Bank is 19 1/2 asked.

Local bank clearances continue to make excellent exhibits. There is a good demand for funds. Foreign exchange is lower, sterling being 4.87 3/8, Berlin 95 3/8 and Paris 5.16 1/8. Chicago exchange is a little firmer and at a slight premium, while New York is selling at a discount.

LOW ROUND TRIP RATES TO TEXAS  
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

On February 19th, the Iron Mountain Route will sell tickets to following points at \$15.00 for the round trip: Dallas, Waco, Fort Worth, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Beaumont and Port Arthur, Texas, and to Lake Charles, Louisiana. Write City Ticket Office, N. W. Corner Broadway and Olive street, St. Louis.

## THE HOUR OF AWE.

Not in the five-domed wonder  
Where the soul of Venice lies,  
When the sun cleaves the gloom asunder  
With pathways to paradise,  
And the organ's melodious thunder  
Summons you to the skies;Not in that rarest hour  
When, over the Arno's rush,  
The City of Flowers' flower,  
Looms in the sunset flush,  
And the poignant stroke from the tower  
Pierces the spirit's hush;  
Not Rome's high vault's devising  
That builded the heavens in,  
When you know not the anthem's rising  
From the song of the cherubim,  
Where, sight and soul surprising,  
Dusk utters your dearest sin;Not these—nor the star-sown splendor,  
Nor the deep wood's mystery,  
Nor the sullen storm's surrender  
To the ranks of the leaping sea,  
Nor the joy of the springtime tender  
On Nature's breast to be;But to find in a woman's weeping  
The look you have longed to find,  
And know that in time's safe-keeping,  
Through all the ages blind,  
Was Love, like a winged seed, sleeping  
For you and the waiting wind.

—Robert Underwood Johnson, in the Outlook.

## THE SLANG OF WALL STREET.

One source of wonderment to strangers in Wall street is the unintelligible jargon in which speculators handle their favorite stock. It is common to hear a man give an order to buy "one hundred slow pup" or to "stop that old woman a point down." Even around the Waldorf-Astoria ticker this patois of the street is common, and just now the text for many a gamble is: "I understand they are going to cut a melon in Paul." Life being too short to reel off the official name of every stock, it became necessary to invent nicknames. Thus, Southern Pacific became "Slow pup," Ontario &amp; Western "that old woman," Sugar "Sweetness," American Steel &amp; Wire "Swipe," and Delaware, Lackawanna &amp; Western "Della." American Steel &amp; Wire stock was not always "Swipe." Once it was known only as "a sure winner." But after the price dropped one-half, less was heard of "sure winner" and "swipe" is the street name at present. "Cutting a melon in Paul" means to distribute a bonus of some kind to stockholders. This is what the Waldorf-Astoria clique is waiting for.



## ALL EMPLOYEES

In the operating department of the "Alton Road" are required to pass mental and physical examinations calculated to secure absolute safety to passengers and freight. Fidelity, promptness, and accuracy are rewarded by the merit system, the result being that one of the safest railways in the world is

## "THE ONLY WAY"

GEO. J. CHARLTON, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.  
D. BOWEN, ASST GEN'L PASS. AGENT,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

NEXT SUNDAY

STUART  
ROBSON

James

Presenting

O'Neill

Oliver  
Goldsmith

AS

Saturday Evening

Edmund Dantes

Stuart Robson

in

AS

Charles Fechter's

Tony Lumpkin

Version of

IN

Monte

She Stoops

Cristo

to Conquer

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

NEXT MONDAY

Olga  
Nethersole's

The Sign

Co.

of the

IN

Cross

SAPHO

WITH

Miss Sylvia Lynden  
in the title role.

Charles Dalton

Wednesday and

in the title role.

Saturday Matinees.

ST. LOUIS  
Choral Symphony Society.

SEVENTH CONCERT.

Thursday, Feb. 21, 8:15 P. M.

AT THE ODEON.

## Symphony Concert.

Soloist, LEO STERN, 'Cellist.

Parquet, \$1.50; Balcony, first two rows, \$1.00; remainder, 75c. Tickets at Bollman's.

A BIRD IN THE HAND: "Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?" "There is one piece, but you can't have it." "You are mistaken, ma; I've had it."—Tit-Bits.

## Chemical Cleaning Works

MILLS & AVERILL,

Broadway and Pine.

BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

"HUMPHREY CORNER."

## Men's Suits.

No one can afford to  
Give you more than  
Your money's worth  
ALL of the time—

We do it part  
of the time  
and right now  
We are selling  
Fifteen Dollar Suits for

**\$9.75**

We've a store full of bargains just now—  
Better come in and see if you  
Can't save a penny or two  
On a purchase.

## Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine,  
St. Louis.

### FRIENDLY TO THE DUKE.

A certain duke was dining in full kilt dress at a Highland anniversary dinner, his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuffbox belonging to one of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner, the snuffbox could not be discovered anywhere. A search was made, with no result, the duke being especially anxious about it. On the next anniversary he again donned the kilt—which he had not worn in the interval—for the annual dinner. As he was dressing he happened to put his hand in his sporran, and there, to his astonishment, found the box which had been lost at the last year's dinner. He turned to his piper, and said—"Why, this is the snuffbox we were all looking for! Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?" "Yes, your grace." "Then why did you not tell me?" demanded the duke. "Because I thought your grace required the little matter kept quiet," responded the piper, with a knowing wink.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

### BEARDSLEY ARCHITECTURE.

When Aubrey Beardsley had nothing else to do he was won't to put a pencil to paper and, without withdrawing it, outline the figure of a woman. Sometimes he would thus draw the head of a satyr, prolonging the arms to represent limbs of a tree, foliage laden. He had a habit of twisting the torso in such wise that a portion of the rear elevation was to be seen advanced well to both right and left in the convolutions. This was his style in illustration.

Over in Europe—France especially—a new school of architecture has much vogue just now. It may be called the school which represents Beardsleyism in architecture. The exponents of this school, practically founded by Mr. Bing, have a way of fashioning adornments, exterior and interior, fashioning structures themselves in the twisted, impossible manner which Mr. Beardsley, following the windings of a vagrant pencil, placed before the world as art productions.

"They call it l'Art Nouveau over there," remarked John Mead Howells, of Howells & Stokes, architects, in discussing this new method of construction and design. "It is really, to my mind, an evidence of a decadent style. It is a radical breaking away from conventionality and has for its result many strange manifestations which lack wholly of artistic beauty, so far as my opinions bear weight.

"I am inclined to the belief that Burne-Jones and Rossetti and others of their pre-Raphaelite school originated this new art. Beardsley, to be sure, while but an illustrator, did many things which seem to be in a measure copied in structures I have seen in Paris. I would not say that they were actually copies, but they present the queer, twisted and distorted human figures, the oddities in curves and other outlandish shapes which violate all the canons of art.

"The smaller buildings in the recent exposition had manifestations of this new school which fully exploit his eccentricities. I saw a number of tenement houses in the Champs Elysees which are covered all over with the strange figures. The thing developed just about the break between the old and new salon. The new people have pushed their ideas—if they can be called such, for, really, they resemble fused construction, and that without design—and have made some progress over there. Here? Well, I cannot say that I have encountered much of it, or, indeed, can recall a single manifestation."

Mr. Howells has a large collection of photographs taken in Paris, many of which display the ideas the new school enforces. Among them is a reproduction of the blue pavilion at the exposition. This, as can be seen from the drawing, is a huge, pagoda-like affair, with odd curves that begin nowhere and finish in the same indefinite region.

Then, again, there is the pavilion "Au Printemps," the arch of the main entrance, which expresses nothing. It doubles on itself to a considerable extent. There are figures and growths which creep out of nowhere and have no apparent purpose in their windings. Over the name placed above the arch is the figure of a nude woman, whose form is twisted rather more than that of Mercury in the classic type.

But the Cabaret de la belle Meuniere shows the fused style mentioned by Mr. Howells clearly. The whole scheme of construction here is based on no seeming plan.



## HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS THE BEST KNOWN HEALTH and PLEASURE RESORT ON THE CONTINENT ELEGANT THROUGH SERVICE AND LOW EXCURSION RATES VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

4—DAILY TRAINS—4  
Elegant descriptive and illustrated pamphlets free, on application to agents.  
H. C. TOWNSEND,  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, ST. LOUIS, MO.

It bears resemblance to a building once built on noble lines, but which burned and the material fused and ran together to form the cabaret, a sample of their skill much pointed out by the adherents of the new school.

Here is seen also a representation of a man in court dress making an elaborate bow to a woman similarly attired, who courtesies profoundly. They stand at the edge of a shell-like affair. The background is a clock-face arrangement cut up in irregular niches and frosted with trellises and other things which have no relative connection with the picture.

The last of the series is one more example of fusion as replacing design in architecture. The building looks as if it had telescoped on itself unexpectedly and were apologizing for having been caught in the act.

Yet the new school has considerable vogue abroad, and is invading the Occident. One or two manifestations could be noted here, but they are yet few.—N. Y. Journal.

The wedding invitations, so much in use in the most exclusive social circles, because always correct in form, and of the finest material and engravings, are executed in the stationery factory of Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and ocust.

FOOLING THE CABMAN: He had just got home at two in the morning, after a long drive. "Stop a bit, cabman," he said; "you must wait until I bring a light; I've dropped a ten-dollar bill somewhere in the bottom of your cab." The cabman drove off furiously—but he didn't find the money.—Chicago Tribune.

### ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY GOLF LINKS.

Beneath these rugged elms, that maple's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering  
heap,  
Each in his last, eternal bunker laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Off to the harvest did their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke—  
Ah, but they had no mashies then to wield,  
They never learned to use the Vardon stroke.

The poor old souls, they only lived to toil,  
To sow and reap and die at last, obscure;  
They never with their niblicks tore the soil—  
How sad the golfless annals of the poor!

The pomp of power may once have thrilled the  
souls  
Of unenlightened men—to-day it sinks  
Beneath the saving grace of eighteen holes!  
The paths of glory lead but to the links.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart that would have quickened to the  
game;  
Hands that the lovely baffle might have swayed,  
To Colonel Bogie's everlasting shame.

Full many a hole was passed by them unseen,  
Because no fluttering flag was hoisted there;  
Full many a smooth and sacred putting green  
They tore up with the plough and didn't care.

Some village Taylor who, with dauntless breast,  
Could wag the flail or swing the heavy maul;  
Some mute, inglorious Travis here may rest,  
Some Harriman who never lost a ball.

Far from the eager foursome's noble strife  
They levelled bunkers and they piled the hay,  
Content to go uncaddied all through life,  
And never were two up with one to play!

No further seek their hardships to disclose,  
Nor stand in wonder at their lack of worth;  
Here in these bunkers let their dust repose—  
They didn't know St. Andrews was on earth!  
—S. E. Kiser, in Golf.

"ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE."

# CRAWFORD'S

OUR WEEKLY OBJECT LESSON

TO LOVERS OF ECONOMY!

Hand Turn and Hand Sewed

## SHOES

FOR \$1.98

Hundreds took advantage this week of above Shoes, and we will open over 1800 pairs more; these Shoes are made of all kinds of material, Vici and Dongola Kid, box calf, light, medium or heavy soles, kid or patent leather tips, lace and button; remember, we have ALL SIZES of these; we can fit everybody in above Shoes; these are not regular price Shoes; not a pair sells for less than \$3.00 up to \$4.00 a pair; your choice for.....\$1.98

Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes, with Louis XIV or Cuban heel, hand turn or hand-sewed, extended sole; these are made with French patent leather, Kid or cloth top. These are Shoes you will pay \$5.00 for in a regular shoe store. In this lot of Shoes we have Imperial kid lace and button, with kid or patent leather tips; worth \$5.00 pair, your choice for.....\$2.98

Misses' Black Vesting Top Lace Shoes, hand turned, patent tip and patent facings; every pair worth \$1.50; also Boys' Tan Lace Shoes; all solid oak soles; lace; every pair worth \$1.50, They all go for.....69c

## Knit Underwear.

Ladies' Jersey Knit Cotton Pants, knee length—wide knee, with deep lace trimming, French bands, Egyptian Cotton Vests, low neck, no sleeves and actual value 45c, opening price.....25c

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed, wing sleeves, silk trimmed, actual value 30c, opening price.....19c

Children's Jersey Ribbed Light Weight Fleece-Lined Union Suits, high neck, long sleeve, drop back, natural gray, actual value 30c, opening price.....25c

Children's Medium-Weight Merino Shirts, Pants and Drawers, suitable for spring wear, white and gray, sizes broken, actual value 50c, opening prices.....25c

## Suit Department.

Ladies' Corestine Wrappers, made of fine flannelette, actual value \$2.25, opening price.....\$1.25

Ladies' French Flannelette Waists, tucked, embroidered and pleated, actual values \$4.50 up to \$5.98, opening price.....\$2.50

Ladies' All-Over Tucked Venetian Cloth Dress Skirts, large flare flounce, trimmed with 21 rows of narrow braid, actual value \$12.75, opening price.....\$9.50

Ladies' Underskirts, made of a fine quality mercerized sateen, two ruffles on flounce, skirt lined with near-silk, actual value \$2.75, opening price.....\$1.75

Ladies' very stylish Blouse Suits, made of good quality black cheviot, new flare skirt, actual value \$18.75, opening price.....\$11.98

## Clothing.

173 Boys' Vestee Suits (ages 3 to 7,) in tweeds, cassimeres, worsted and cheviots, some with small collars and others have sailor collars—not all sizes of each kind, but all sizes of some styles—were \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00, Choice, \$1.49

154 Boys' Two-Piece Suits (ages 6 to 16,) in tweeds, cassimeres and worsted, double-breasted coat, well made, durable suits, in light and dark colors, some are suitable for spring wear, former prices were \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50, Choice.....\$1.49

35 Boys' Sailors Blouse Suits (ages 3 to 8,) in all-wool checks, all of one kind, so if you come early you can get your size; these are all well made and stylish suits; former prices were \$4.50 and \$4.98, Choice.....\$1.49

204 Tam O'Shanter, in all-wool blue, red and brown beaver cloth, some plain and others trimmed in silk soutache braid. This is the biggest bargain ever offered in Tams; the regular prices were \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, Choice of the lot only.....29c

(Come early if you want first choice.)

## Gloves.

Ladies' 2-clasp, White Pique Gloves, in all sizes, actual value \$1.25—Our Price.....79c

Ladies' 2 Pearl-Clasp Cape—the only Glove for street wear—tan only—actual value \$2.00—Our Price.....\$1.15

Men's 1-Clasp Gray Mocha Gloves—actual value \$2.00—fitted to the hand—for.....\$1.39

## Linens.

100 pieces Checked Glass Toweling, fine quality, red and blue checks, such as you have been paying 8½c yard for, opening price, per yard.....5c

50 Table Cloths, dice pattern, with colored stripes of pink, blue and lemon running alternately through the cloth, colors fast, fine, soft silk finished damask, which will wear well and give good satisfaction; they come in 3 sizes, 8-4, 10-4 and 12-4; actually worth \$2.00, \$2.75, \$3.50 each, opening price, each.....\$1.49, \$1.98, \$2.25

Napkins to match, worth \$1.75 a dozen, opening price, a dozen.....\$1.25

100 Spreads, white crochet Marseilles patterns, soft finished without dressing, hemmed and ready for use; actually worth 65c each, opening price, each.....49c

75 dozen All-linen Knotted Fringe Fine Damask Towels, plain white and colored borders; to secure some of these come early, as they are actually worth 23c each, opening price, each.....15c

## White Goods.

All New and Beautiful.

White Figured Marseilles, actual value 15c, opening price.....10c

36-inch Imported India Linen Bookfold, actual value 20c, opening price.....15c

68-inch White Organdie, actual value 50c, opening price.....35c

Heavy White Pique, actual value 28c, opening price.....20c

Hair-lined Dimity, extra fine quality, 32 inches wide, actual value 17½c, opening price.....12½c

## Lace Department.

You had better come early if you want to secure some of the big bargains in the 19c Laces, only 100 pieces left out of 500; 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25 Laces given away at, a yard.....19c

Ladies' English Squares, Fichus, stock collar and Jabot, large puffs, ties, etc regular 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25 neckwear; all clean, fresh goods—choice at, each.....25c

## The Health-Seekers' Mecca

Hot Springs, Ark., for Health and Pleasure.



HERE are not many intelligent people nowadays, who have not read more or less about Hot Springs, Ark. Yet there are thousands of these same people who, for some reason or another, have failed to visit Uncle Sam's great show place, one of the most beautiful, most picturesque, most salubrious spots in the world. It is not easy to say why this is so. It surely cannot be on account of the expensiveness of the trip from St. Louis or any place within the radius of, say, one hundred miles from this city. As "all roads lead to Rome" so all roads lead to St. Louis, and from this city the Iron Mountain is the way and the fare is within the reach of all. It is not a fatiguing journey either, the cars are comfortable, the roadbed smooth, the officials attentive and courteous, the scenery *en route* attractive. Under such circumstances passengers generally regret that the journey from St. Louis to Hot Springs is not longer.

Arrived in Hot Springs the visitor can find accommodation to suit his or her means. To those who can afford it, such hotels as the Eastman, Park and Arlington are ideal resting-places, palatial in their appointments, unexcelled in their cuisine—equal, in fact, to the world's best hotels. These hotels are for the wealthy, of course, though the rates are not higher than those of first-class hotels in large cities. Between these sumptuous places and the boarding-houses, where good accommodation can be secured for as low as five dollars a week, there are many hotels, where "all the comforts of home," which, of course, include good fare, clean and comfortable rooms, courteous attendance and agreeable surroundings,—can be secured at very reasonable figures. So, as a matter of fact, one can live as cheaply at Hot Springs as at home.

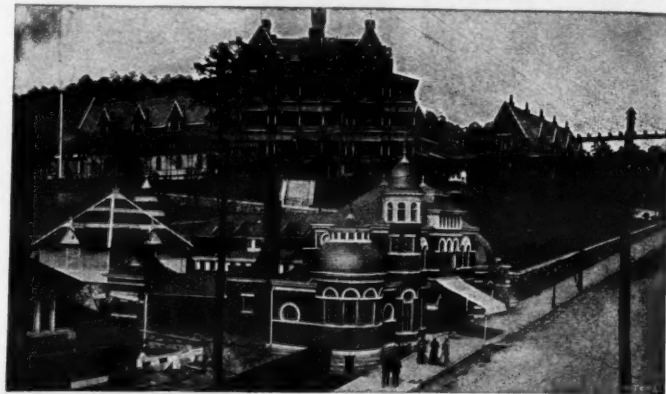
The question is often asked when is the best time to visit Hot Springs? The answer is almost any time. There is no season of the year when the beautiful valley of the Ouachita ever loses its charm, or the neighboring peaks of the Ozark Mountains, in which Hot Springs nestles, a charming cameo, in a woodland mountain ring, ever appear less attractive. Winter in this part of the sunny South is genial and bracing, with clear skies and but few severely cold days. Those who know Hot Springs well freely assert that it has the finest winter climate in this country. Spring comes early—almost a month earlier than in this latitude—and such a Spring! The air is balmy and zephyr-like and the valley and mountain-side seem to burst into vernal beauty "when flowers are the fairest and birds sing by thousands from every green tree." Yes, Hot Springs is, indeed, charming in the Spring. There the visitor escapes the

early afternoon. But in this grand mountain resort the air is always astir—there is always a breeze richly laden with health-giving ozone. With the mercury at 80 degrees one doesn't feel the heat. The same temperature in St. Louis or even at the ocean resorts would be insufferable, but here it is not at all unpleasant. No one can spend a few weeks in spring or summer at Hot Springs without feeling the better for it.

As a health resort, of course, Hot Springs is without a rival. It is the modern Bethesda into whose pools of healing thousands of sufferers have stepped and have been cured. It is on record that chronic rheumatism has been cured in ten days! Such cases may be exceptional, but cures effected in a few weeks are too common to be considered in any degree miraculous. The combined medical opinion as to the diseases which the waters of Hot Springs cure includes the following: Alcoholism, catarrh, chronic inflammation of the urethra and the bladder, chronic ulcers, eczema, gout, hysteria, indigestion, insomnia, kidney and liver troubles, malaria, nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, phthisis (in the early stages) psoriasis, rheumatism, scrofula, stomach diseases, tobacco poisoning, etc. "Tuberculosis, except where the lungs are much involved, in many cases, can be wholly eradicated."

In addition to this formidable list of human ills the value of the hot water as a general tonic is becoming gen-

Travels in Arkansas Territory," in 1819. When the United States made the thermal springs a Government reservation the era of improvement set in, which has resulted in making this one of the most beautiful places on the continent of North America. The few half-tone engravings presented in this sketch will give the reader some idea of the charms of the place, but where pictur-



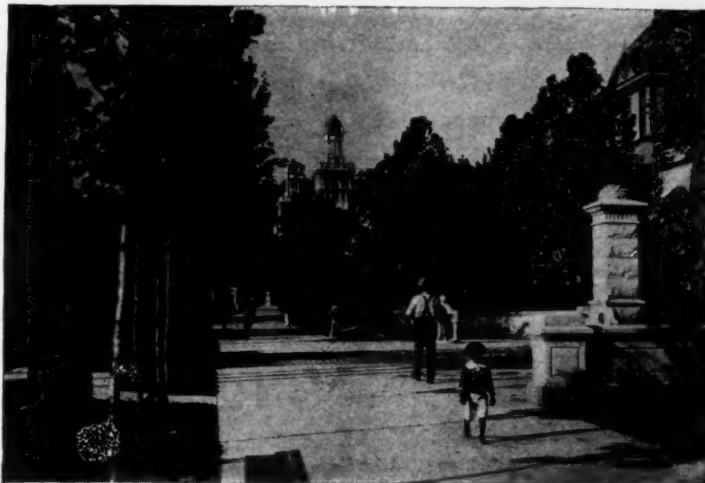
The Army and Navy Hospital, Imperial Bath House in foreground.

esque views can be obtained from a hundred different points it is difficult to give preference to any assortment of views. It is not too extravagant to say that here, among the Ozark Mountains, under a blue canopy of sky that is almost always bright and clear, can be found ideal mountain and woodland scenery.

Speaking of Hot Springs from the scenic point of view it is worthy of note that the United States government has recently completed a great system of mountain drives and foot-paths in which its engineers have been engaged for the past five years. These drives and foot-paths are nearly fifteen miles in extent and from any point charming landscape views can be had. To the southward of Hot Springs is the picturesque Ouachita Valley and as the eye follows its graceful sweep it takes in, forty miles away, the eastern spur of the Ozark Mountains. Then to the northward, eastward and westward is one grand panorama of the peaks of the mountains with their intervening valleys. "Ascending the winding grades of the mountain," says a guide book, "these beautiful scenes are spread out to the view, constantly changing and becoming grander and broader in scope as the drives approach the summits. These drives cover three of the mountains belonging to the United States Reservation—the Hot Springs Mountain, the

North Mountain and the West Mountain." The scenery is different from each mountain and so varied as to afford the visitor the pleasure of new and unexpected views, however long his visit to this idyllic place may be.

Nor must it be forgotten that it is not as a health resort alone that Hot Springs is celebrated. While it is true that



The Promenade along Government Reservation, Hot Springs, Ark.

erally recognized by the profession. Those who have been greatly helped in this use of the waters are overworked business and professional men and women, society women, those especially who are suffering from the onerous duties of social functions with their late hours and heated rooms, and those, too, whose household duties have been excessive.

Another very large class who have for many years found Hot Springs remedial is composed of "men of the world," politicians and those who have been going "the pace that kills." Last, but not least, the cases that refuse to recuperate after the eradication of a grippe, or any severe ailment: these find great benefit and generally speedy recovery through these curative thermal waters.

The curative virtues of Hot Springs are not of recent discovery. Nearly three centuries ago Ponce de Leon and

Pamphilo de Narvaez heard of these springs and that generation of Indians had for centuries before their time found health and recuperation in the water that boiled up from Nature's subterranean laboratory. That these old Spaniards, with their forces, visited Hot Springs is recorded in ancient Indian tradition. To the modern white pioneers the springs became known for their medicinal properties in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, being first mentioned by Thomas Nuttall, in his "Journal of

a large proportion of the visitors go there "for their health's sake" there are thousands who seek the place as a pleasure resort. Especially since it became a Government Reservation, Hot Springs has become known as a fashionable all-the-year-round resort—its season commencing in January and lasting until Christmas. For fuller information about this Homburg of America write Mr. H. C. Townsend G. P. A., Missouri-Pacific and Iron Mountain railroads, St. Louis, Mo.



Hot Springs, Mountain Side and Music Stand at Head of Entrance to Hot Springs Mountain.

keen nor'easter that makes March a harder month to endure even than December or January. For persons of delicate constitutions, whose physical infirmities "indicate," as the doctors would say, a mild climate, Hot Springs is the ideal resort.

Summer at Hot Springs is more delightful even than at the seaside. There is a sameness of scenery at the seaside and, almost always, great heat, especially during the noon and



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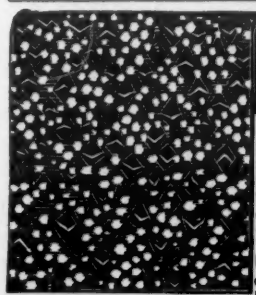
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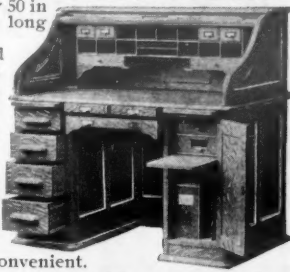
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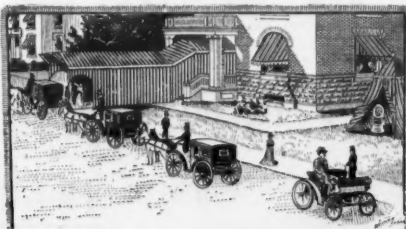
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